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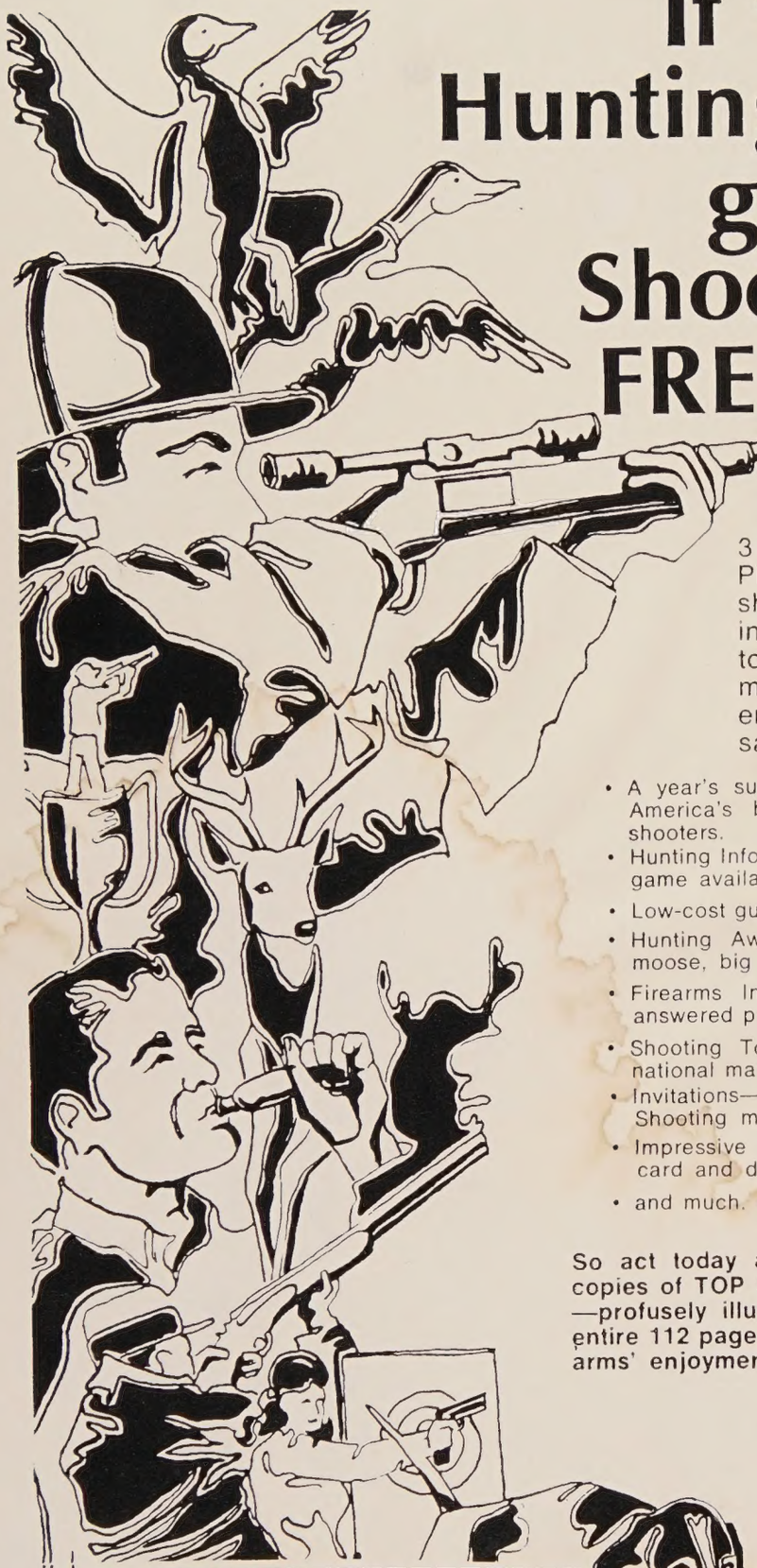

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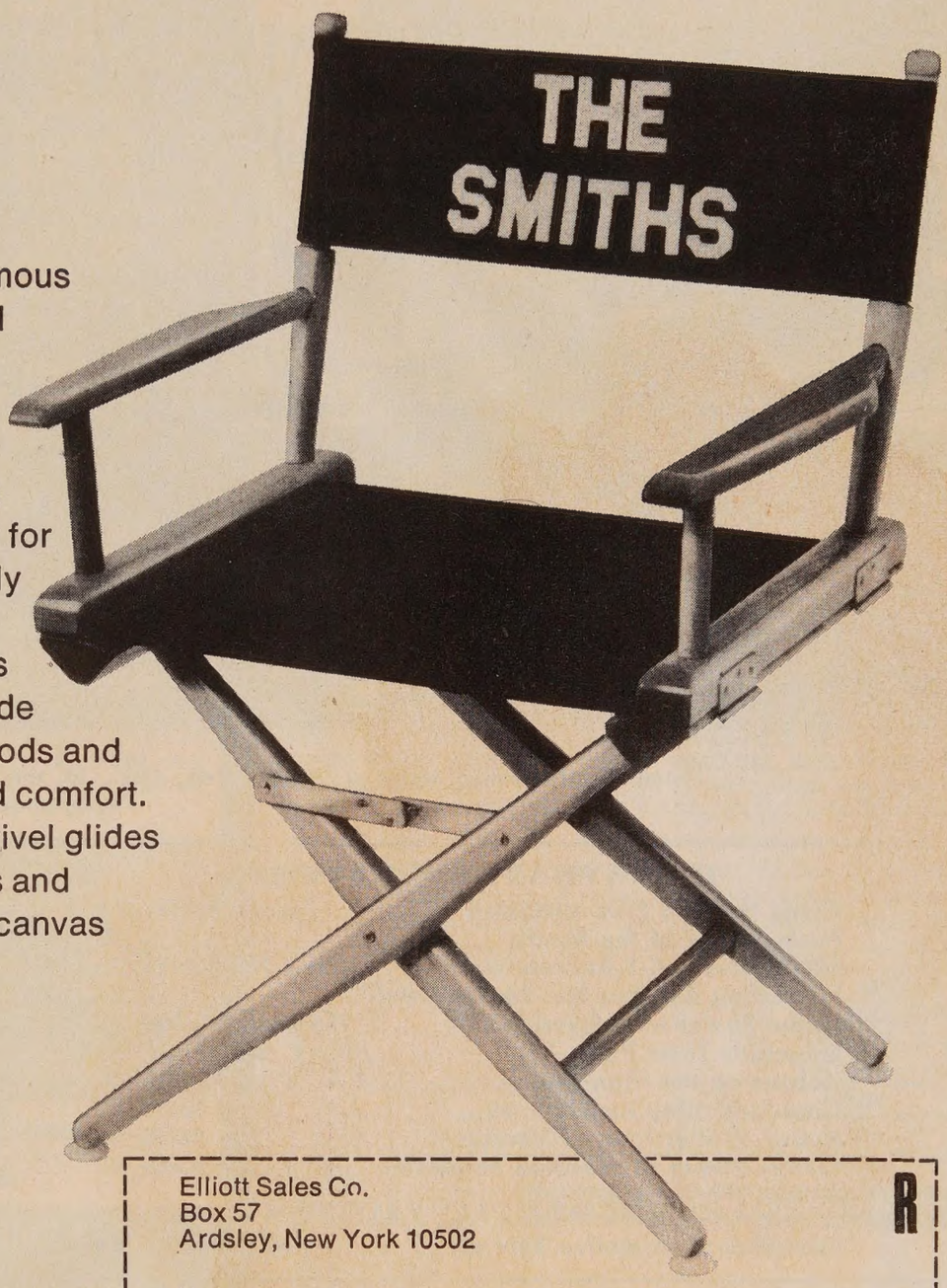

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

VOL. 88, No. 2 DECEMBER, 1970 60 CENTS

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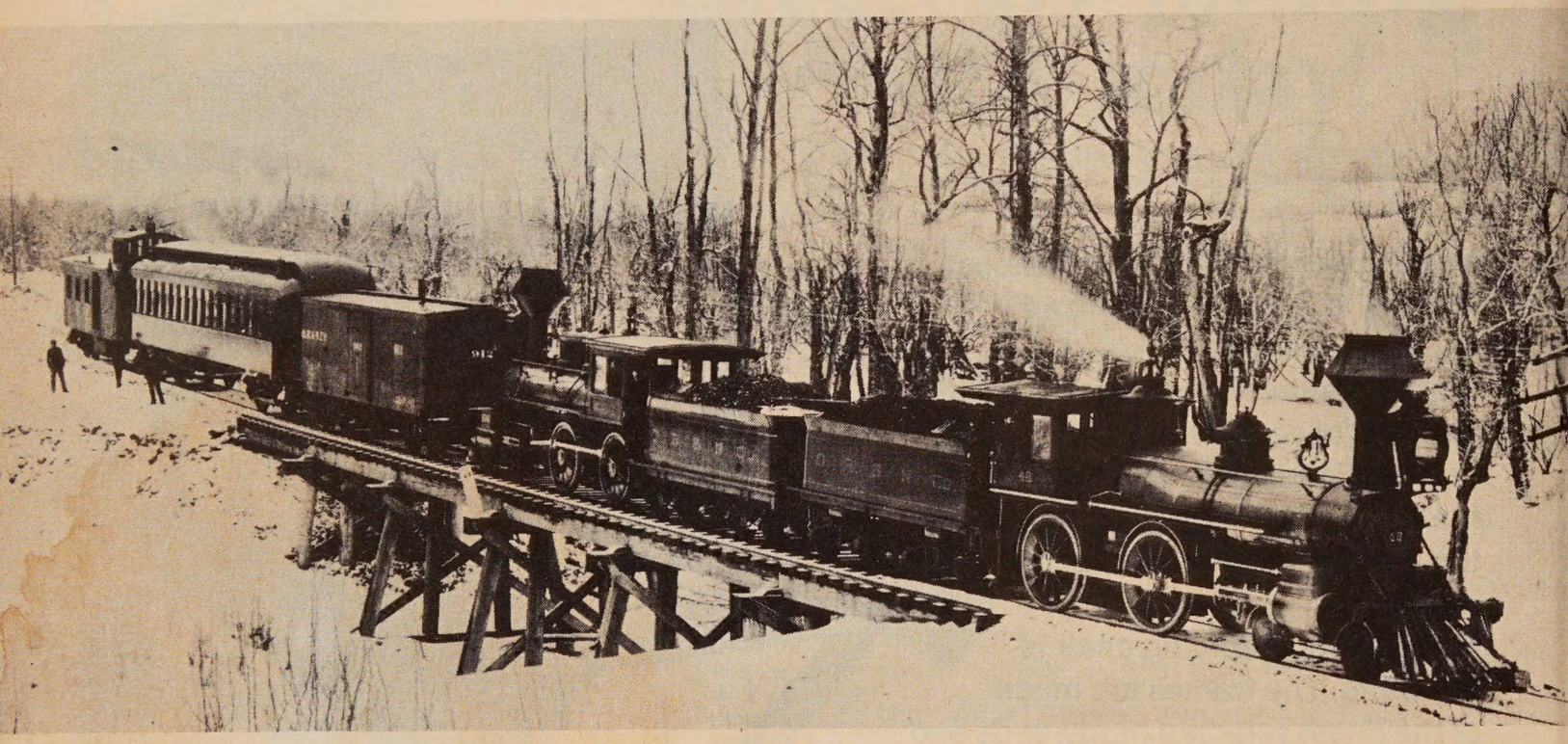

Union Pacific relief train at Bridal Veil, Ore., in the winter of 1884-'5.
Photograph from Union Pacific archives

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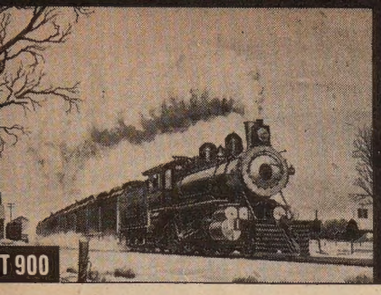

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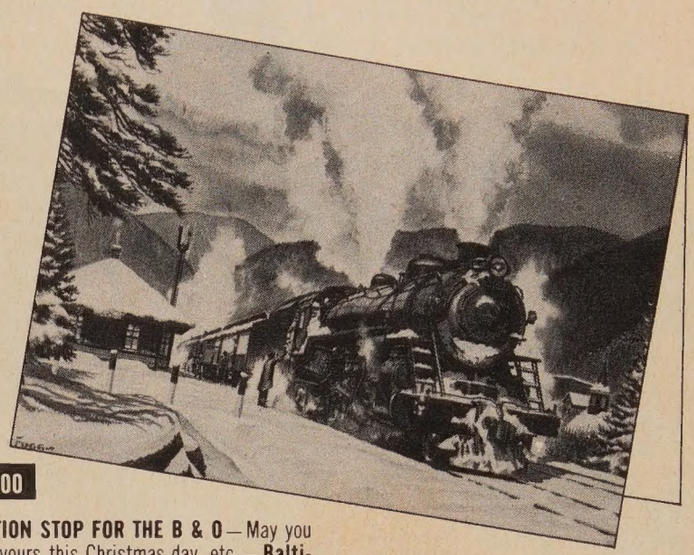

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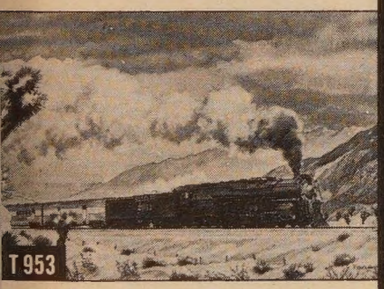

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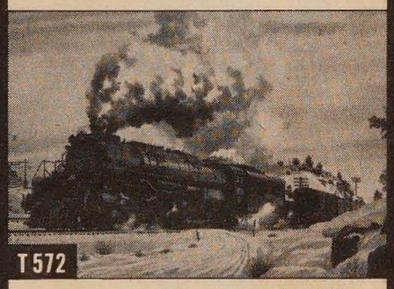

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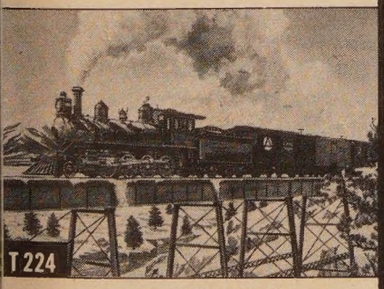

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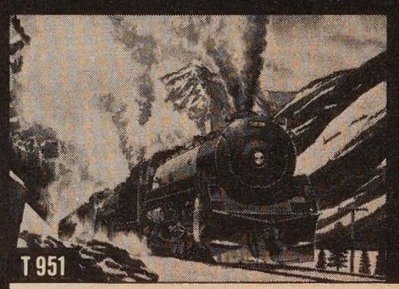

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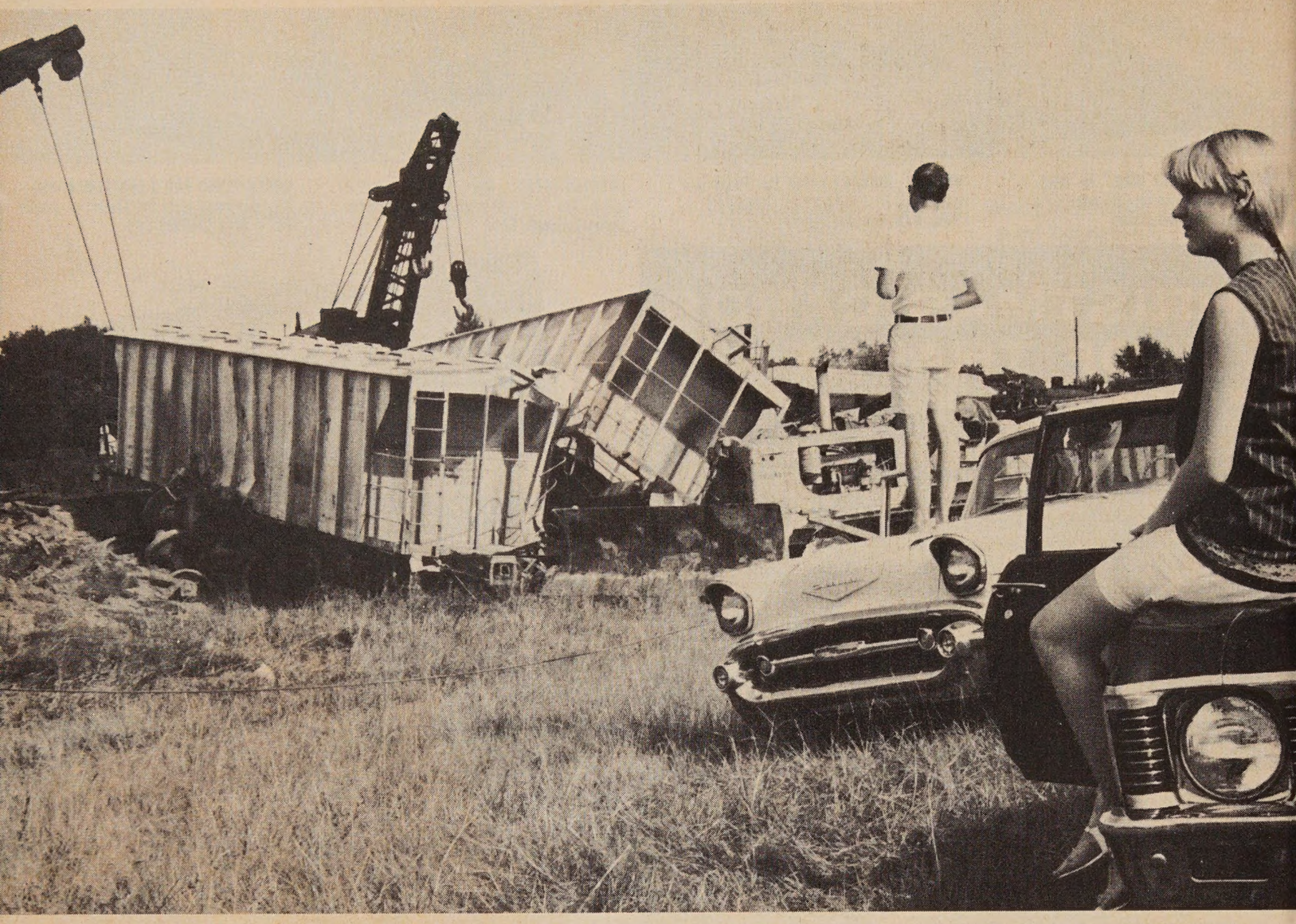

She finds wrecks interesting. Wanda Dicks, age 17, of Mulberry, Fla., hurried to the scene last August 24th when she learned that 23 cars of a 100-car Seaboard Coast Line train had been derailed at Highland City, Fla., beside U.S. Highway 98.
William T. Morgan, P.O. Box 6863, Fort Myers, Fla. 33902

THE MAIL CAR

Where the editors and readers meet

OUR June cover, with a brightly-colored electric train in mountain scenery, made such a hit with readers that we offer this month another glimpse of electric railroading, this one in the grandeur of the Swiss Alps, courtesy of Swiss Federal Railways. ●

PENN CENTRAL'S bankruptcy has hit the Association of American Railroads hard, reports *The New York Times*. Since the end of June, when PC stopped paying dues to the Association, the latter has laid off 75 car-service agents, who were used to police the efficient handling of boxcars, and ordered a cut of up to one third of the headquarters staff in Washington, D.C.

Penn Central's trustees have yet to make a decision about AAR membership, but renewal of active-member status is considered unlikely, since it would cost $1.65 million a year. The railroad cannot even pay tax and utility bills on its basic operations. Three huge electric utilities have gone to court to force PC to pay its long-overdue power bills, reportedly over $2 million. ●

I COMMUTE in an unusual way five days a week between my home and my job as a traffic analyst. I leave Rockport, Mass., at 6:33 on the Boston & Maine Buddliner for the 36-mile ride to North Station, Boston. Then I ride the trolley subway to Park Street station, where I change to the third-rail subway for Harvard Square. Finally I transfer to a trolley bus for a ride to my office in Cambridge, Mass. How many other commuters regularly use four separate modes of transit, all of which are near extinction?—Peter I. Roehm, Straitsmouth Way, Rockport, Mass. 01966.

NEWSWORTHY. Ever hear of a mirror weighing 17.6 tons? The Penn Central, Southern Pacific, and Cotton Belt moved one recently from Toledo, Ohio, to Tucson, Arizona.

C&O has just put steel cabooses on its Canadian Division through freights

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between Detroit and Buffalo. The retired old wooden ones are being held in Detroit for disposition. Anybody want a caboose?—Cyril Butcher, 8 Coye St., St. Thomas, Ont., Canada. (*Your editor, a circus historian, can't read the name* St. Thomas *without noting that Jumbo, the world-famous Barnum & Bailey elephant, was killed there by a freight engine on Sept. 15, 1885, at 8:15 p.m.*)

Southern Railway is seeking ICC approval of a plan to form a subsidiary to haul coal barges along the Ohio and Tennessee rivers. Coal would be transferred to railroad cars at Sheffield, Ala., for unit train movement to power-generating plants.

Two tank carloads of poisonous chloride gas exploded when part of an 111-car Penn Central train was derailed 8 miles east of Batavia, N.Y., the other day, sending dangerous smoke clouds over the village of South Byron. One car was blown 200 feet from the track. The gas, shipped in liquid form and used in making plastic, vaporizes quickly in contact with air. If inhaled, it is said to be lethal.

Santa Fe tracks in front of President Nixon's Pacific Ocean estate at San Clemente, Calif., once were a fruitful underground trail for Mexican nationals sneaking into the United States. Not any more. The Secret Service's electronic surveillance setup there has led to the capture of numerous aliens slipping over the border.

A Southern Pacific boxcar was seized at Palmdale, Calif., as evidence in a possible murder case. The bodies of Charles Allen of Columbus, Ga., and Lee Dobbs of Phoenix, Ariz., with heads crushed, were found near the tracks. A witness said he'd seen them "hurtling" from a speeding train.

Penn Central has opened, at Weehawken, N.J., a new piggybank facility capable of handling 2½ million pounds of meat daily to serve wholesale markets in the greater New York area. This six-track meat terminal can hold 72 refrigerated highway trailers and is the first of its kind in the East.

A helicopter crime patrol has been formed by five railways in the Chicago area. It's a bid to cut down on vandalism and pilferage on railway property. And in the areas of Chicago, Fort Worth and Dallas, and San Francisco Bay the Santa Fe has guard dogs on its payroll, for the same reason. The canine forces will be expanded in the near future. Many years ago the Long Island and Louisville & Nashville had bloodhounds to guard their property. Who knows of other roads using dogs?

In 1971 the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., will mark the 50th year of its founding. Started by a few collectors in Boston, Mass., the Society now has nearly 2,500 members. Through its huge collection of railroadiana and its two historical bulletins published each year, it has made a major contribution to rail history. Charles E. Fisher is the president and always has been. He was No. 6 (Feb. '62) in our *Interesting Railfans* series.

Canadian National carferry *Lansdowne* was not entirely destroyed by the explosion that Elmer Treloar mentioned in October *Railroad*. Her venerable engine is beyond repair, but she is now used as a barge propelled by a tug. All Detroit River ferries are being converted to barges.—John Barrett, Box 779, Amherstburg, Ont., Canada. ●

CABOOSE stoves were very important many years ago, keeping the car warm and cooking food for the trainmen. Today, as you can learn from Bill Knapke's book, *The Railroad Caboose*, relatively few trainmen eat meals in their crummies. Time was when the old round-bellied stove was an iron monstrosity so poorly designed that sometimes it could not even hold a fire. An hour after you fell asleep the fire went out and when you awoke in bitterly cold weather to get it started again, you nearly froze to death. The Estate Manufacturing Co. of Hamilton, Ohio, changed all this by manufacturing a new type of stove. It was precision-made and the parts ground to such a close fit that you could load it with coal, shut off the draft, and eight hours later awake to a warm crummy. You had only to open the draft again to get a good fire going. ●

IN MY OPINION. Your October issue had but five photos of steam engines or steam trains, only two of them any good. What is the point in using fine-quality paper—to show the girls better or spruce up your advertising?—A disappointed reader, Roland Gillis, 2318 16th St., Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14305.

A large part of the economic philosophy of our country is based on competition, and yet the railroads comprise one of the few industries prevented by law from competing to the extent that we could.—Frank E. Barnett, chairman, Union Pacific.

Railroad is unique. I enjoy your rosters, stories, articles, and general slant. As for girl pictures, fine! I suggest not changing your style. I have been a reader since the 1930's. You started me collecting engine pix; my specialty is the Long Island. Although it seems like an impossible goal, I want to get a good photo of every known steam loco wheel arrangement.—Lloyd Seidel, 3981 S. Broadway, B-16, Grove City, Ohio 43123.

Don't put any more girls on front covers. That space deserves a fine action shot of a steam locomotive, but keep girl pix inside the magazine (I am human, too).—Jeff B. Haertlein, 3215 S. Illinois Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53207.

Statement by Bruce MacDonald (Oct. issue) that "women aren't interested in railroading" is resented by Mrs. Joe Trauty, 4319 Carrollton, Indianapolis, Ind. 46205, who took a "railroad vacation" last summer in order to see Horseshoe Curve, Steamtown, the *Metroliner*, the Delaware & Hudson's Alco PA's, etc.

Who cares whether or not girls like trains, so long as they like men who like trains? Besides, a few of them really do.—R. Paige, 715 Meridian St. Ext., Groton, Conn. 06340.

I heartily approve of the cheesecake thrown in with your rail shots, but where does Virgil Staff find all the dolls for his pictures?—Ted Wurm, 122 Monte Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif.

If you must use photos of trackside girls, at least show them holding cameras or waving at trains instead of just standing or sitting there. Personally, I'd rather see a man and his dog watching a train.—Elmer J.Braswell, Jr., 1581 Melrose Dr., S.W. Atlanta, Ga. ●

BERT PENNYPACKER'S claim that the economic life of a diesel locomotive is less than half that of a steam loco is questionable, if you mean a diesel road unit, not a switcher, which is said to be good for 25 years on the average. Sure, a steamer or a diesel could be rebuilt and maintained for a long time, as witness the steam engine operating in Spain continuously for 100 years, until just recently, and the diesels in Brooklyn, N.Y., still used after 39 years of service.

However, many steamers badly in need of major repair were phased out after 7 to 10 years during the 1950's —such as the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Berkshires, built in 1948 and retired by 1956-'59. The average life of a steam engine in 1900 was only about 20 years, which was also true for some half-century earlier. Only since the 1900's have steamers been maintained well past this mark. The Mount Washington Cog Railroad, which runs only four months a year, still uses steam power that has been rebuilt over the years to such an extent that little of the original engines exist. Its No. 6 was built originally in 1875; none of

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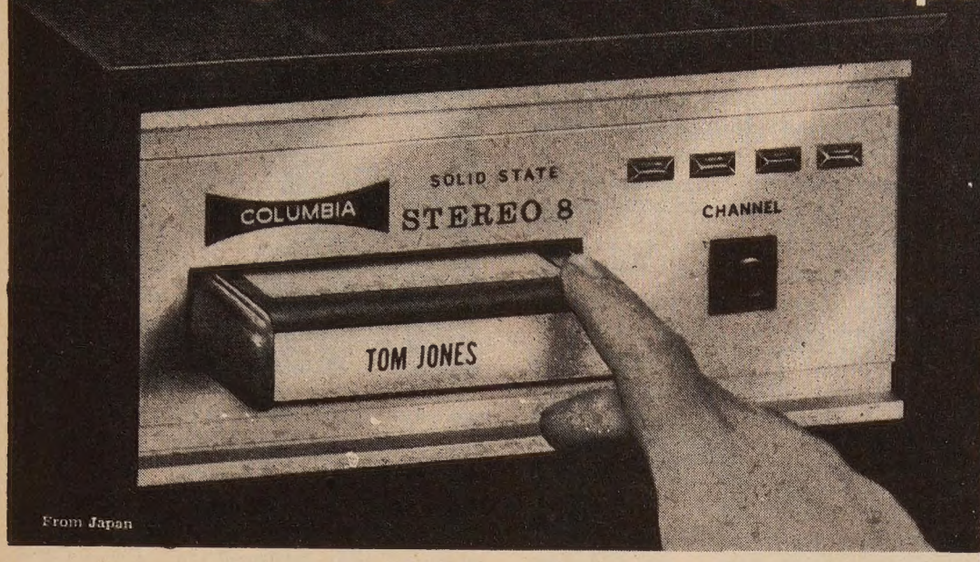

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its other power is newer than 1908.

Seaboard Coast Line main-stem runs use diesels like E-6 units, some of them 31 years old. Such units have been worn out again and again and are now on their second or third motors, having gone through several sets of wheels, wiring, etc. I think that a locomotive's "economic" life depends upon who is doing the figuring. The 15-year figure may have come from the builders themselves, not from the roads operating such units.—Elliott Kahn, 58 Verbena St., Clearwater Beach, Fla. 33515.

Bert Pennypacker replies: "Road diesels, on the average, last only half as long as steam did. Mr. Kahn cites non-average oddities as his examples and quotes the short life of steam that diesels soon replaced." ●

PENN CENTRAL'S new president and executive officer, William T. Moore, is getting only $165,000 a year. Two predecessors, Paul A. Gorman and Stuart T. Saunders, received $250,000 and $279,000 respectively. But Bill Moore gets a big increase over the $150,304 he had been earning as executive vice president of the Southern.

Bill began railroading as a Southern gandy dancer for 35 cents an hour at Culpepper, Va., and worked his way up the ladder, becoming supervisor of work equipment, assistant division engineer, trainmaster, division superintendent, general manager, and then a vice president. He is 75 inches tall and weighs 210 pounds.

When asked to become one of the court-appointed trustees for the bankrupt Penn Central, he said the polite equivalent of "hell, no." Bill wouldn't take any responsibility unless he had control of operations. That's when they came back with the attractive offer to be both president and chief executive officer.

"You can't run a railroad from the seat of your pants," he said. "I will look over as much of the operation, facilities, and equipment as I can. I want to find out why Penn Central is not moving the freight. Maybe it's not moving cars properly, maybe it's not enough cars, or too many cars and locomotives in need of repair. I'll find out.

"Some time ago I rode the *Metroliner*. It ran on time with five stops. The equipment was a pleasant surprise. The roadbed seemed to be in pretty fair condition. But the dining-car crew and the train crew were rather short and snappy with the passengers."

"What really made me mad," *Business Week* quotes him as saying, "occurred when I got to New York and went up into the station . . . to ask when the next *Metroliner* left for Washington. The attendant asked me if I could see the television screen behind him and then he told me to read it for myself. You had better believe that I am going to put a stop to that sort of thing." ●

THE BOOKS are closed on Frank P. Donovan, railroad historian and longtime contributor to our magazine. He died of a brain tumor on September 8th in a Minneapolis hospital at age 60. Many people will miss him. Frank was No. 19 in our series of *Interesting Railfans*. Details of his creative life were told in our April '64 issue, which also lead-featured an article of his, "One Night on a Southbound Limited." Like David P. Morgan, he became a rail author by writing for *Railroad Magazine* and later joining *Trains*' editorial staff. Dave's first two articles dealt with steam power, Frank's first two with streetcars.

A third of a century ago, when I gave Frank his first assignment, I never dreamed that one day I would do his obituary. His initial piece in *Railroad* was "1,000 Miles by Trolley" (Dec. '37). After that, he wrote often for us, including an alltime survey of railroad fiction, which he expanded later into the first of his many books, *The Railroad in Literature*, published by the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society.

I was proud to have Frank as a personal friend. I remember especially the good ideas he gave me for improving *Railroad Magazine*. The last time I saw him was at the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, Wis., where I had gone to research for a book, *Great Days of the Circus*, which American Heritage put out shortly afterward. Frank had brought along his wife Janice, and their son, Bobby. My own wife was there, too, and we had a grand afternoon.

Frank had no funeral. Typical of his generosity is the fact that he willed his body to the University of Minnesota Medical School to help other people.

Jim Hill once said, "I've made my mark on the surface of the earth and they can't wipe it out." The same could be said for Frank Donovan in the field of railroad literature.—Freeman Hubbard. ●

PERSONALITIES. The old Stephenson link engines were unpredictable. I was running one on the Green Bay & Western in 1920 when she lost her three strap bolts. I had to crawl under her and hold the blade in the strap while George Taylor, my fireman, ran her. We traveled like that for two miles and it seemed like 20.—C. O. Chapman (no address given).

I've been reading *Railroad* for 35 years and I like especially your *Interesting Railfans*. Would like to see Freeman Hubbard do an article on himself as No. 100 in the series.—Warren Van Nortwick, Sr., 77 Golden Ave., Battle Creek, Mich. 49105.

When Henry W. Marston retired as Chesapeake & Ohio agent at Norge, Va., after 41 years of service, the old depot was closed permanently. To mark the occasion, he wrote:

I have heard the scream of the whistle
And the clang of the big, brass bell,
As they warned the traffic at crossings,
More time than I care to tell.
I have heard the curses of trainmen,
And the click of the old Morse code;
The *putt-putt-putt* of a motor car,
When the foreman patrolled the road.
I have heard the shouts of trackmen,
While they laid the bright, new rail,
And the good-natured jokes of brakemen,
When they stopped to load the mail.

Miss Mickey Denseld, 32, of Burlington, Iowa, was elected queen of the hobos at the 1970 annual national hobo convention, held in Britt, Iowa.

Among the last of the boomers is E. C. Norvell, 434 W. Pine St., St. Louis, Mo. 63108, who has worked as switchman, brakeman, fireman, and conductor on a total of 35 roads. He began railroading in 1918 and finally retired from the N.Y. Central in 1962.

"Steam engines were fun and exciting," Raymond Kerr says wistfully. He retired the other day from 50 years of engine service, mostly on the Milwaukee Road, sometimes in winter on the Florida East Coast. As an amateur rail photographer, he made a point of taking a camera on his runs. Address: 727 Scott St., Wausau, Wisconsin.

There's a lone grave of a Confederate soldier in Allatoona Pass, Georgia, on the old Western & Atlantic (now Louisville & Nashville), with this epitaph: "An Unknown Hero. He died for the cause he thought was right." Is this grave still being cared for?— P. D. Templeton, Box 111, Mendon, N.Y. 14506. ●

OVERSEAS. A new speed record has been set on Swedish State Railways. A suburban type multiple-unit touched 135 mph during tests on a stretch of the Stockholm-Gothenburg main line. The train was provided with air suspension, a higher gear ratio and the ASEA tilting system.

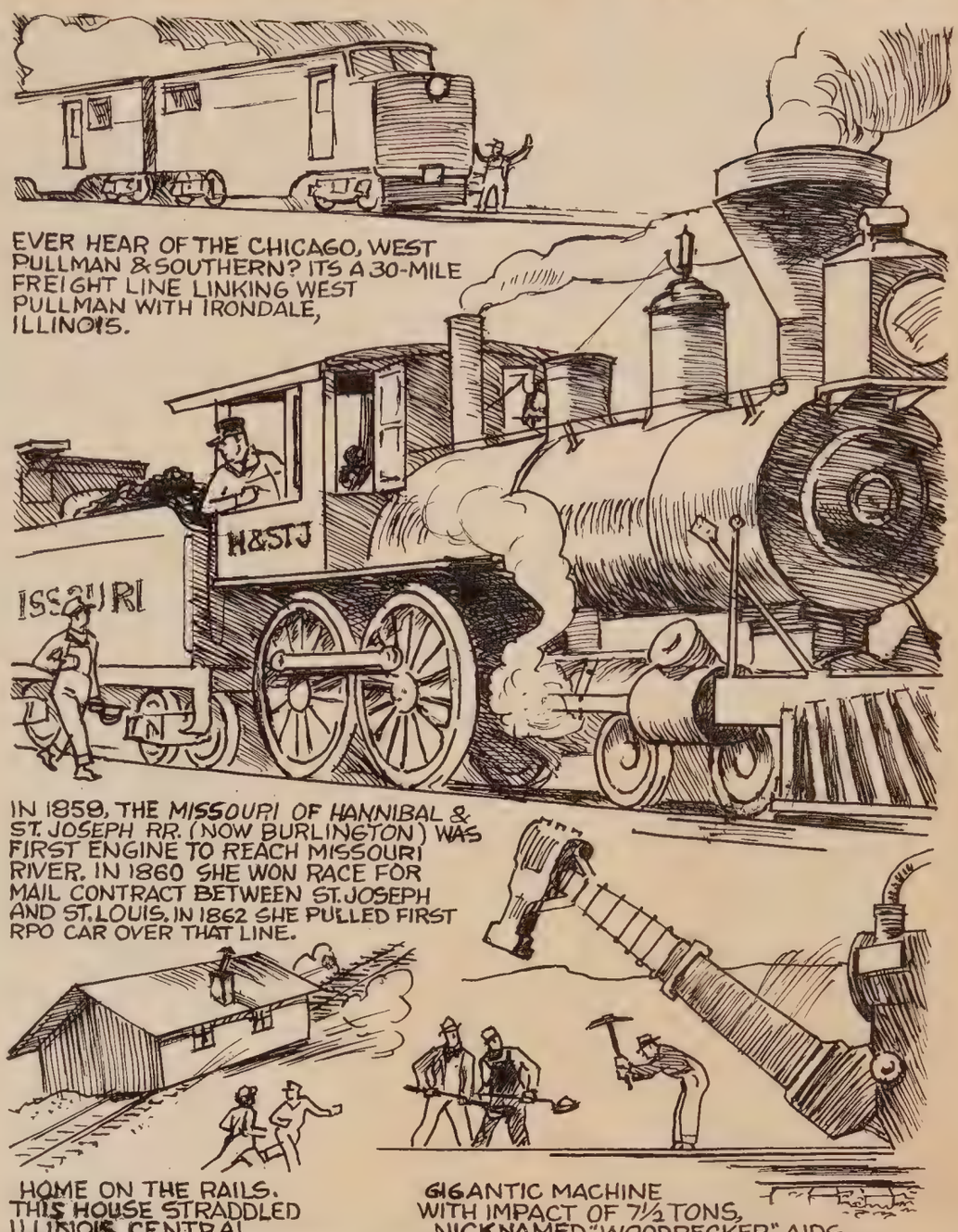
An abandoned locomotive shed near Euston Station in London, England, has been converted into a theater known as the roundhouse. Its first show, the spicy revue *Oh! Calcutta!*, playing to packed houses but accused of being too erotic, is being investigated by the director of public prosecutions, the chief watchdog over British morals in stage and literature. (The same show is currently running uncensored on New York's Broadway.)

"Anyone who wants a field day riding trains should go to Europe with a Eurailpass," enthuses Richard Leonard. 1316 N. Lindern St., Bloomington, Ill. 61701. "It's the world's best travel bargain. I got about $400 worth of first-class travel for $110. The speel, frequency, and comfort of European trains as a whole are well known. Most trains are electric multiple-unit. Often you can stand behind a glass partition and watch the engineer. Nearly all trains, even locals, have a snack bar or a woman wheeling a food cart through the aisles. but no drinking fountain."

"I get letters from *Railroad* readers in many parts of the English-speaking world," writes John Drayton, retired British Rail engineer, 13 Sycamore Rd., Griffithstown, Pontypool, Mon. NP4 5HL, England. "Answering them keeps me busy, on top of my present job in the Signal Department. It's nice to get to know folks via the pages of your magazine. The love of railroading is international."

Commuters headed for Southend in Essex, England, the other day wondered if they'd got on the wrong train as it left the normal route from a London station and headed into Chelmsford, 40 miles away. A railway official finally announced it had taken a wrong turn and the passengers got to their destination 40 minutes late. ●

ALONG THE IRON PIKE by Joe Easley


EVER HEAR OF THE CHICAGO, WEST PULLMAN & SOUTHERN? ITS A 30-MILE FREIGHT LINE LINKING WEST PULLMAN WITH IRONDALE, ILLINOIS.
H&STJ
ISSOURI
IN 1859, THE MISSOURI OF HANNIBAL & ST. JOSEPH RR. (NOW BURLINGTON) WAS FIRST ENGINE TO REACH MISSOURI RIVER. IN 1860 SHE WON RACE FOR MAIL CONTRACT BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. LOUIS. IN 1862 SHE PULLED FIRST RPO CAR OVER THAT LINE.
HOME ON THE RAILS. THIS HOUSE STRADDLED ILLINOIS CENTRAL TRACK AFTER HURRICANE HIT GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI.
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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Few of these wooden coal towers exist any more. Here, one of them dwarfs No. 1246 (ex-Canadian National No. 1246) as she coals up at North Walpole, N.H.

J. Howard Audibert, 6632 28th St. So., St. Petersburg, Fla.

A clear March 1970 day on Cajon Pass was made to order when this UP freight, powered by four units of the 6900 class, showed up at the summit. (Coming soon: complete present-day UP locomotive roster.)

Photograph by Henry W. Brueckman

It's a nice feeling after a hard day of maintenance work to come home to a hearty meal, and these men of BAR's bridge and building crew look as though they're enjoying every minute of it. Their home away from home is one of 4 modern outfit cars at Millinocket, Me., which replace old wooden coaches.

Chow Time in a Bangor & Aroostook Outfit Car

Photographs by Richard W. Sprague, Vice President, Bangor & Aroostook Railroad

An elegant Royal Hudson leads Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo train No. 6 out of Sunnyside Station, Toronto, in 1957.

Elmer Treloar, 101 California St., Highland Park Mich. 48203

On the Streets of San Francisco

Shapely Yvonne Ruiz waits to board a PCC at Church and 18th streets for the trip downtown (above). Diane Thomas (page 19) relaxes in front of a Muni 1032 on "J" line at Chattanooga Street.

Virgil Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

DANGER
NO TRESPASSING

100 YEARS OF

A CENTURY ago, the wild Kansas frontier witnessed something it had never seen before and would never see again. Two railroads, then being built, raced to reach the border with the Indian Territory. Whichever one got there first would get a land grant of 3 million acres and would have the right to build through the desolate Indian lands to cattle-rich Texas. And that was a twin prize worth fighting for.

That spring one of the contestants' names was changed and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company formally came into being. This road's destiny was directly tied to that of the Southwest, as we shall see. But first, let's go back five years to the tiny, hot, and rather worried frontier town of Emporia, Kansas.

There, on Sept. 20, 1865, a group of prominent citizens gathered to talk about the urgent need for a railroad. There were plenty of reasons for it. The newly-reorganized Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe would soon do a booming freight business, and wherever it went, settlers followed. Also, Emporia sat in a rich agricultural area which, in order to survive, had to move its produce efficiently. Very important, too, no doubt, were Federal Government promises of the juicy land grant.

Whichever it was, local pride or greed, the men drew up a charter that day which ambitiously promised to connect Fort Riley to the north with the great port city of New Orleans. The name chosen originally for this road, later to become the Katy, was the Union Pacific Southern Branch.

Why was that name selected? In those days the Union Pacific itself conjured up dreams of empire, capturing the country's imagination as it hammered west from the Missouri River at Omaha, and the town fathers of Emporia hoped that their fledgling road would some day be connected with the great UP system.

This predecessor of the Katy started in Kansas, but the money for it came from the East. Judge Levi Parsons and Col. Robert S. Stevens drummed up this support, then took control of the railroad, bringing with them such financiers as Joseph W. Seligman, Levi P. Morton (later Vice President of the U.S.), and August Belmont. Only 65 miles of track—on the Neosho Division—had been laid by 1870, but in that year events took place with devastating swiftness. Another road, the Missouri, Fort Scott & Gulf (then called the Border Tier Road, later Frisco) was already on the way. There was no time to lose; the race to the border must be won.

On May 23, the old Union Pacific Southern Branch was no more. Now, it was the MK&T and work proceeded quickly. Col. Bob Stevens took command as general manager. This former New York-born politician became a familiar figure as he rode up and down Katy trackage in the line's first business car, the *Prairie Queen*. Often, he scurried out in the rain and ran into trackworkers' tents, shouting at them to keep working.

John Scullin, a tough-sinewed Irishman with a reputation for driving his men hard, was put in charge of the construction crews. An example of his ferocious capacity for work, already a legend on the Union Pacific and Rock Island, was his contract which called for laying at least a mile of track a day. As if that weren't enough, near the Kansas border, Scullin and his laborers were actually laying up to three miles daily!

And so the frantic race continued, but not without chicanery. Mysteriously, Indian attacks against the Border Tier Road increased, and some of the workmen quit. Behind it all (although never proven in court) is said to have been Katy agent Bob Greenwell, one of the Southwest's most shadowy rogues.

by ALBERT HERSKOVITS

M-K-T RAILROADING

At that time, the Border Tier people were ahead in the race and ready for the final push. Chief Engineer Chanute and a party were sent out to look for markers designating the boundary between Kansas and the Indian Territory. Suddenly a group of Quapaw Indians appeared, presumably led by their chief. They seemed friendly enough. Through an interpreter, their leader led the railroad men to a pile of rocks which marked the borderline.

That wasn't really the border, but the chief engineer didn't know it. He also didn't know that the Quapaw "chief" was really Katy agent Bob Greenwell in disguise. Consequently, the Border Tier Road built to that spot (several miles north of the real border) and held a riotous and understandable celebration.

Scores of trackworkers laid off were quickly and quietly recruited by Greenwell, who sent them over to Scullin and his track gangs. By June 6th, the Katy crossed the border two miles south of Chetopa, Kansas.

"We have struck the Territory line and are going like hell!" Col. Stevens telegraphed gleefully that day. The Katy had won the right to go into Texas! Everything pointed to success, but trouble was brewing up north. The Atlantic & Pacific (now Frisco), which controlled the connections into Kansas City and St. Louis, threatened to throttle the Katy. Scullin and his men were hastily sent to Sedalia, Kansas, with the result that a new 160-mile division started operating on March 1, 1871. The road's connection into St. Louis, via the Missouri Pacific, was now assured.

At the junction point between the Sedalia and Neosho divisions, the city of Parsons was founded. It became a booming, but unruly, town. The land was owned by the Katy, which had previously maintained great secrecy as to its future location for fear of penniless settlers squatting there. The squatters were caught off guard and the first town lots sold for fancy prices.

By now, the Katy had a virtual monopoly on traffic coming from the increasingly rich Southwest and extended itself deeper each day. Down it went through the desolate country of the Cherokees and Creeks and on to Sherman, Texas.

That city didn't want them, however. It had already voted bonds for the Texas Central and wasn't about to spend money for another railroad. Undaunted, Katy agents quietly bought acreage up north. After all, if the Sherman townsfolk weren't interested, the Katy could always create its own town. And so it did.

On Christmas night, 1872, a diamond stacked Grant 4-4-0 crossed the Red River into the new settlement of Denison, named after the Katy's tight-fisted vice president, George Denison. Pulling the victory whistle that night was engineer Pat Tobin. History repeated itself 60 years later when, in 1932, the anniversary was commemorated. The Katy's best train, the *Texas Special*, steamed into town for the ceremonies, with the selfsame Pat Tobin at the throttle.

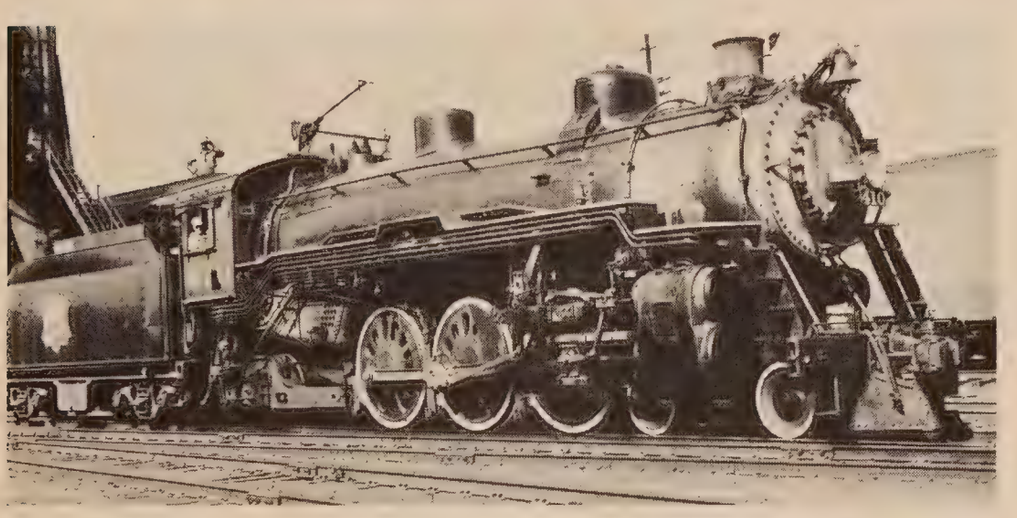
By going into Denison, the Katy came closer to its dream of reaching the Gulf. Time and again, however, its triumphs were to be short-lived. Storm signals already foreshadowed the Panic of 1873 and that evil financial genius, Jay Gould, was patiently waiting in the wings. Traffic all along the route dropped sharply that year. Indians and settlers made things more difficult. One bit of sabotage started with a Katy train killing a pig. The animal's owner, a lusty Irishwoman, didn't get as much compensation as she deemed right, so each time she heard an engine whistle she scampered down to the mainline with a pail of lard and greased the tracks. Engine drivers slipped and slithered all over the place. Other settlers picked up this trick, and it became a popular form of diversion.

In 1874, one of Jay Gould's men on the Board of Directors secured a court order appointing himself receiver of the failing road. From that time until

Collection of Harold K. Vollrath
8938 Maple Dr., Shawnee-Mission, Kan.

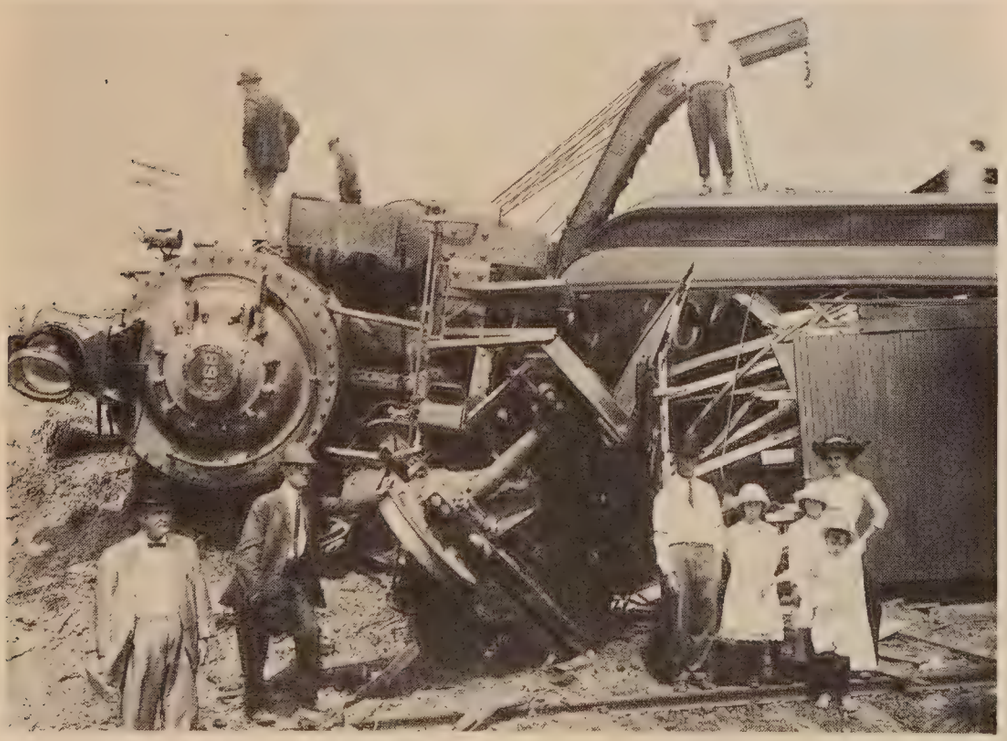
Pacific No 381 (Alco 1915) wheels the famous *Texas Special* out of Dallas in 1938 on her way to San Antonio.

Another M-K-T name train, *The Katy Flyer*, is seen arriving in St. Louis in 1949.
Rail Photo Service, 125 Kennedy Memorial Dr., Waterville, Me. 04901



Built by Lima in 1923, No. 410 was one of the last Pacifics acquired by the road.
Collection of Harold K. Vollrath

A bad Katy wreck occurred in 1912. No. 368, heading a passenger train, ran into some mules south of McAlester, Okla., and threw one against a switchstand, breaking the switch and sending the train into a coal spur. One woman was killed.



1888, Gould bled the Katy dry. His tactics were simple. Personally taking control in 1880, he leased the Katy to his own key system, the Missouri Pacific. With that stroke both railroads, for all practical purposes, were one and the same. Expensive equipment was charged to the Katy, then turned over to the MoPac.

Maintenance of track was ignored. This was to have disastrous effects later; for Scullins' mile-a-day tracklaying, while it got the road built, resulted in a barely passable roadbed.

One example of Gould's crooked handiwork concerns a shortline, the Trinity & Sabine. This line never even connected with the Katy; its closest point was at least 100 miles away. It was strictly a MoPac feeder line, so Gould bought it (for an undisclosed amount), then sold it to the MK&T for $2½ million (the Katy management sold it in 1921 for $100,000).

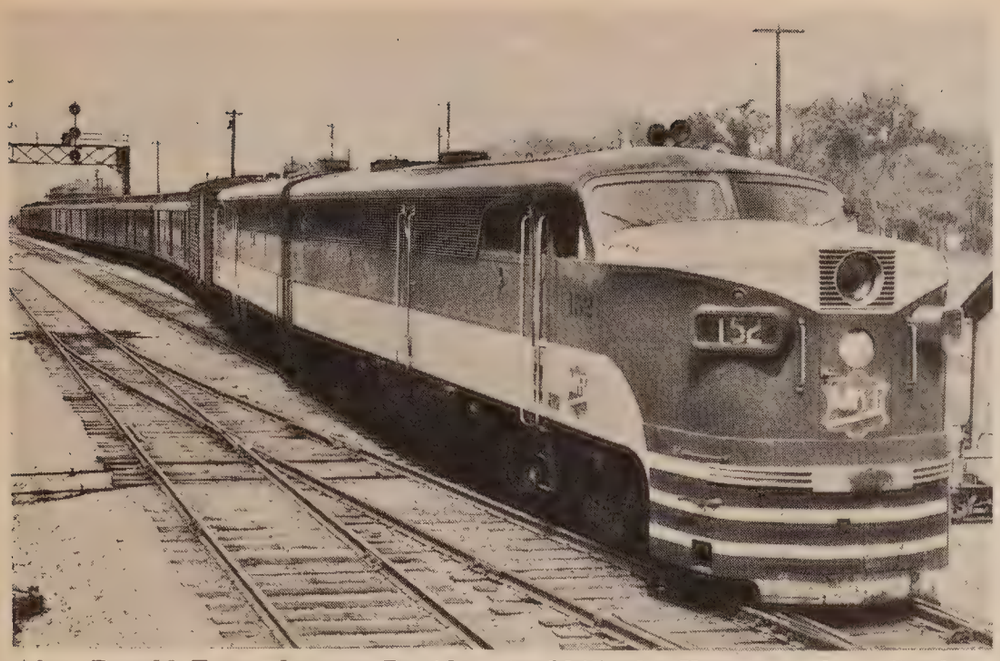
How Gould was able to get away with this sort of thing is another story; but finally, at a stormy annual meeting in 1888, the stockholders threw him and his henchmen out.

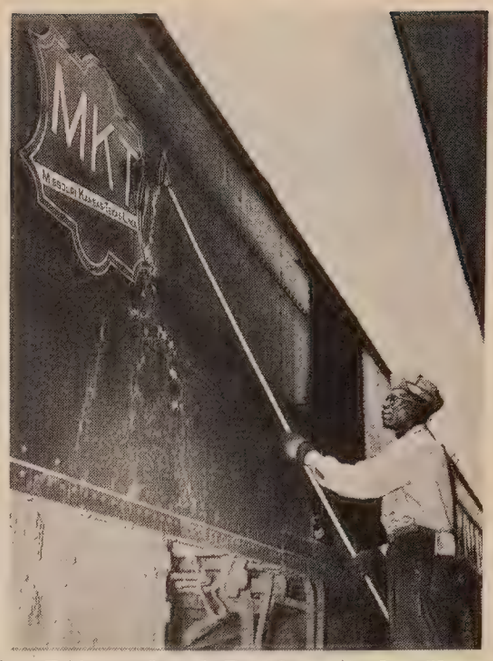
The exhausted railroad then went into receivership again. Its lease with the MoPac was terminated. By this time, it had reached down into Dallas and Fort Worth, and it owned a line, unconnected with the main system, between Houston and Galveston. Its northernmost point was Hannibal, Missouri.

One of the reasons the Katy started building in the first place was the promise of a land grant. An act of Congress passed in 1866 promised over three million acres to the road. Alas, the road never got them! The case dragged on in the courts for years until, in 1914, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that Congress had no right to cede land it didn't own, but which belonged, instead, to the Indians.

Meanwhile, in 1889, this almost unpopulated region was opened up for homesteading. Thousands of settlers lined up at the Kansas border that April 22nd. At high noon, when the bugles sounded, they made the ground thunder as they streaked off to the horizon in search of future homes.

The 1890's were a good decade for





After Donald Fraser became President in 1945, the Katy started to dieselize. Alco PA's replaced Pacifics on the *Katy Flyer* (seen in Dec. '50). The famous MKT emblem was designed by Rand, McNally & Co. to differentiate the road from the many unscrupulous operators using the Katy name. Palm leaves symbolize winning the race into the Indian Territory.

the road. During its three years of receivership, heavier track was installed, with stone ballast replacing sections of mud roadbed. Depots were renewed and shaky bridges rebuilt, while many new engines and freight and passenger cars were bought.

This was also the decade of the "Great Train Wreck." Conceived as a public relations stunt, two 30-ton eight-wheelers, one painted red, the other green, lined up for a spectacular head-on crash as 50,000 spectators watched. Everything went according to plan as the locos smashed into each other, but a split second later tragedy occurred. The locomotive boilers suddenly exploded with a roar and chunks of iron rained down on the crowd. When it was all over, several spectators lay dead. The Katy management hadn't wanted that kind of publicity.

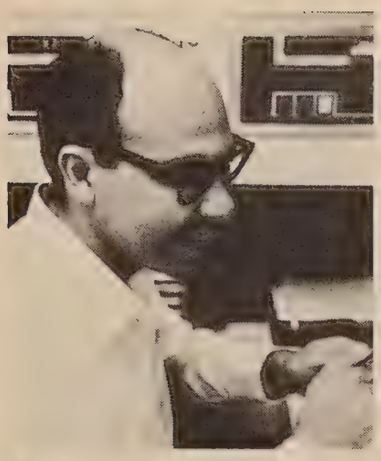
The 20th century has been more sedate for this frontier railroad. Indian Territory became a state. In due course, rail extensions to Tulsa and Oklahoma City were opened. In 1910, Hetty Green's Texas Central was bought out and later leased to the Katy for 99 years. This shabby multi-millionairess, known as "the Witch of Wall Street," profited handsomely on the deal.

Since then, Fortune has alternately smiled and frowned on the Katy. There is little doubt that the changeover to diesel power helped to save it from going under. Katy territory had no large deposits of coal but much oil. And no new steam locomotive had been bought since 1925; many were considerably older. So, like other roads, Katy tremulously entered the Diesel Age.

Of the original Union Pacific Southern Branch, only the 25 miles of track from Parsons to Chanute in Kansas remain. Many branch lines, no longer profitable, have been lopped off. Under the able guidance of John W. Barriger, a man who started his career in the Pennsy Altoona Shops in 1917, the M-K-T won back many former shippers and has been transformed into a modern railroad. Some day it may merge with the Burlington Northern. Many people would be sad to see its identity submerged, for the Katy meant a lot to the Southwest and still does, after a century of operation. ●

Collection of Harold K. Vollrath

An example of older Katy motive power, this engine was photographed in the summer of 1915 at McBaine, Mo., on a line the MK&T acquired in 1896. The engineer is going over running gear of this 1891-built Baldwin.



Interesting Railfans NO. 96

IRA FISTELL

by Freeman Hubbard

IF YOU are a night owl living in Madison, Wisconsin, you must be familiar with radio personality Ira Fistell. Five nights a week from ten till two, in the quiet hours while millions of people are asleep in bed, making love, or raiding the Frigidaire for an after-dinner snack, while newspaper men with hot black coffee are working the lobster shift and other folks are staying up late for various reasons, Ira conducts a lively, informal gabfest known as *Nightline* on station WKOW.

His program covers a wide range of topics such as railroads, the opera, the circus, Civil War battles, law, Sherlock Holmes, and baseball.

"I have often listened to Ira Fistell being quizzed over the air on his railroad knowledge," writes Jane Wade, of Madison, "and I never heard him miss. It is a common occurrence for people to call his show and say: 'Ira, I want to go to so-and-so; how can I make it?' And from memory he tells them the timetable, connections, etc. He once said: 'The basis of my rail interest is riding passenger trains, which is a supreme experience.' "

Ira dropped into my office the other day. We got talking and I found him interesting enough to write about. He was born March 31, 1941, in Chicago, the only son of a musically-gifted mother and a music-shop proprietor. Among other groups, he belongs to the Central Electric Railfans Association, the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, and the National Association of Railroad Passengers. Each year he travels about 7,000 miles by rail.

Reading Steve Maguire's section in our magazine years ago made him a rapid transit buff. "As a boy, I began riding trolleys and collecting transfers," he says. (Today he has about 1,000 Chicago transfers alone, plus many from other U.S. and foreign cities.) "When my father went on sales trips two or three times a year, he'd take me along, and while he was visiting customers I would ride streetcars."

Like countless other railfans, he has files of *Railroad* and *Trains* from way back; also volumes of public timetables culled from depots and hotel racks, *Official Guides*, and other railroad books. His favorite roads are the Pacific Electric and those of Colorado, a state he often visited as a boy.

"Every summer," he recalls, "our family would head west, usually on the *City of Denver*. Safe aboard, I'd occupy an easy chair, with a timetable in hand, in the snub-nosed end of the observation car, the only seat in the train where I could observe the landscape on both sides simultaneously. The sun would be low and red as we approached the Mississippi River and as I finished a seven p.m. dinner we passed the soggy bottom lands around Union Grove and crossed the river to Clinton, Iowa.

"Parallelling the massive railroad span was a rickety highway bridge. I felt secure and relaxed when the *City of Denver* eased to a stop at Clinton —silent except for the low purr of air-conditioning, cool, restful, and all mine. Nothing can ever take away those sublime moments from me.

"Darkness set in before we reached Cedar Rapids, so my only impression of that place is a series of grade crossings traversed at low speed, with alarm bells sounding while the gates were down. Pullman nights, too, enchanted me. Brown blankets. Clean white sheets. The cloth straps that kept you from falling out of an upper berth. And best of all, the wonderful little windows from which you could peer at the dark, silent world outside. I usually fell asleep before we got to Boone, but the little windows were useful again when I'd wake up at about two a.m. in Grand Island or Kearney.

"Those towns are alike in my memory. A brightly lit grain elevator. Dark streets. The downtown square, barren, shabby, and wind-swept. As the train started again, we slid past a long, rambling, brick station and negotiated a couple of street crossings. Then darkness would swallow up the town, with almost nothing to see for the next 100 miles.

"Five a.m. found us at Julesburg, with its park, brick platform, and neat street lights. It was a good-morning welcome after the romantic and impenetrable night. Soon I'd be having breakfast, lumpy oatmeal thinly covered with cream, and buttered toast and orange juice. *The City of Denver* had solid silver service, decorated with floral patterns and the Union Pacific's crest. Eating in the diner made you feel like a prince.

"Afterward, I'd return to the observation car for the run beside the muddy Platte River and through Sterling, with its sugar-beet loaders galore, and Red Lion and Kersey. We clattered over numerous low wooden bridges with white railings, past semaphores and endless miles of desolate land—prairie-dog country—until at LaSalle we joined the UP line from Cheyenne. Finally, all too soon, I made my way back through the swaying cars to the Pullman to pack up and disembark. Reluctantly I left the exhilarating yellow, red, and gray train, went to my grandparents' dull house, and submitted to sloppy kisses from female relatives."

Besides innumerable miles by rail, Ira covered a lot of territory in the family car, with eyes peeled for steam power. He saw plenty of it. There were cab-forward articulateds and oilburning, smoke-cowled Mallets on the Southern Pacific, and Hudsons and Niagaras on the New York Central, and K-4 Pacifics and I-1 Decapods on the Pennsy, and his alltime favorite power, handsome Berkshires on the old Pere Marquette. Ira spent many happy summer days at Michigan summer resorts on or near the PM main line.

"I can still hear the mournful whistles and feel the ground tremble as those magnificent engines pounded by," he sighs.

He went on fantrips, too. One train on the North Shore line returned to Chicago six hours late, driving his parents to distraction; and he has pleasant recollections of steam excursions behind the Burlington's 5632 and 4960. At the University of Chicago, including law school, our subject ran the campus theater, contributed to the college paper, and triumphantly completed a four-year course in three years, grad-

Two of Ira's favorite old railroads: the Colorado Midland (left) and Phantom Canyon on the Florence & Cripple Creek.

uating with honors. Ira boasts that during his collegiate stage career no show he ever staged failed to make money, although he was restricted to the classics and repertory rather than current hits.

Railfan No. 96 lives in Madison at 725 West Washington Avenue, 53715. He has a stocky build, is two inches short of being a six-footer, and weighs about 175. His hair began to disappear while he was still in high school, possibly due to inadequate nutrition, and he says he is now a runner-up for actor Yul Brunner.

"I do nothing to keep fit," he says, "except summer swimming." His knowledge of nutrition is very fragmentary. "I eat only the few things I like," he admits. "Steak, roast beef, spaghetti, piza, corned beef sandwiches, soup, milk, and gallons of ice cream." He is not interested in vitamins, mineral supplements, or "health foods."

Says Mrs. Max H. Green, a Chicagoan who has known him since birth: "One day my sister invited the Fistell family to dinner. I had previously told her that Ira was very fond of spaghetti. Although she was hot and tired after playing 18 holes of golf, she bought some at a grocery store and prepared a 'company' dinner featuring a tasty casserole of home-cooked spaghetti. But at the dinner table my sister noticed that Ira wasn't eating the spaghetti on his plate. 'Don't you care for it?' she asked. 'No,' he replied, 'I like only the kind that comes in tin cans.' "

Ira's radio work began on the college campus. After passing the Illinois bar exams, he became a teacher at the University of Wisconsin. There he earned a master's degree in U.S. history and was heading for a Ph.D. when his present job at WKOW opened up.

Nightline combines the media of radio and telephone. By dialing 238-9166 you can gain access to the public airwaves and talk to thousands of people on Ira's program. You may express a personal opinion, ask or answer a question, or discuss a controversial issue. Only an alert, tactful, and well-informed broadcaster with a good memory could handle such a flow of give and take.

Ira also does a little writing for publication. He is a middle-of-the roader in politics, has no pets, and at age 29 is still unmarried. Besides rail literature and trolley transfers, he collects records and tape recordings, has about 2,000 disc records and 50 long-playing tapes. His other hobbies include English and American literature, and mystery stories. No. 96 is a member of the Baker Street Irregulars (the Sherlock Holmes fans).

Charles B. Bernstein, a Chicagoan who met him at college, tells me: "Ira's two most impressive characteristics are his brains and his tongue. He must have a photographic mind and his interests cover a wide spectrum. Almost every day he devotes hours to reading great literature. While he was in college, his parents moved to a 16th floor apartment overlooking the Illinois Central tracks. Ira was in ecstasy there."

Jane Wade gives a thoughtful analysis of him. "In any given situation," she writes, "he will react on a rational level but seldom, if ever, on an emotional level. This is admirable in the sense that it makes him a strong, dependable man, sure of his convictions. It is unfortunate in giving people the impression that he is cold and indifferent.

"Ira can get personally involved in the White Sox baseball club or the future of the *California Zephyr* but not in social problems like civil rights or the Vietnam War. He recalls in vivid detail the time and circumstances of a train ride to Chicago long ago but can't tell you what I got him for his last birthday. His insight into other people's personalities is poor.

"Ira's greatest gift is his memory. The scope of his knowledge is fantastic. He has a tremendous drive to be first, or the best. One day, in a depressed mood, he confessed that he couldn't be happy unless everyone in Madison were listening to *Nightline*! He is bullheaded about trying different foods, new ideas, other ways of doing things. This is not good; it tends to make him rigid. Apparently all of his interests were formed when he was very young; he expands them as he grows older but doesn't add new ones.

"One of his best traits is enthusiasm. That helps to make him a fine teacher. He is generous with his time—for example, talking at length on his program with elderly people who have nobody else to converse with at two a.m. and occasionally he speaks before youth groups and school groups."

Another Madison woman, Toby Goldberg, who is studying for a doctorate in mass communications, describes Ira Fistell as "one of the most provocative, endearing, and infuriating people I have ever known." She tells me: "Ira and I are good friends, but it is sometimes a stormy relationship. My feeling is that he doesn't believe women to be quite as intelligent as men. I got to know Ira through his radio show. I called in several times; then we started to talk off the air, and finally we met.

"*Nightline* has done a great deal for Ira. He is extremely good on it. I think he has become more of a person as a result. This show has built up his ego, his self-assurance—possibly too much. In the past two years he has changed for the better, but not enough yet for him to admit he has changed. I regard as his worst failing his inability to empathize with other people."

Of late, Ira has taken to driving over abandoned Colorado railroad grades, a hobby he first read about in *Railroad Magazine*. He joyously covered Marshall Pass, the old Rio Grande Southern line over Lizard Head, virtually all of the famous Colorado Midland route, and the Florence & Cripple Creek, which Lucius Beebe covered so well in a great book. Also part of the Denver, South Park & Pacific, including the Alpine Tunnel, one of Gilbert Lathrop's favorites, and the Denver & Salt Lake, which Ira considers to be the most spectacular drive in America.

He recalls a beautiful summer day in 1969. "I parked a rented car at Hancock," he says, "and began hiking the three miles of rotting ties up to Atlantic, the Alpine Tunnel's east portal. As I went along, I jotted down notes in a little book. The country is utterly desolate, not a human being in sight for miles—unless by rare chance you meet another railfan hiker.

"I was lightly clad. As I got above timberline, battling the incessant 4 percent grade, gray clouds gathered. The loneliness was appalling. Suddenly the tunnel mouth comes upon you—just a gash in the mountain side, an abrupt left-hand curve, and there it is, a heap of ruined snowsheds and fallen rock. It was barren and deserted as if Nature had won the final battle against man's intruding presence there.

"I hadn't been standing at the tunnel mouth for more than a minute or two when the sky quickly turned dark and a chilling wind swept down over the pass about 500 feet above the old portal.

"It gave me a creepy feeling. Some sinister force seemed to be saying that I wasn't wanted there. I thought of men and women who had lost their lives in the pass, including 'Dad' Martinis and his crew. Losing my nerve, I scribbled a few sentences in my notebook and then ran down the grade away from that dreary, cold area. As I did, a crash of falling rain added to my fright. In a few minutes, though, I gained the timberline. Rain stopped then and the sky cleared, but I could not escape the belief that I had been in the presence of something ominous and uncontrollable.

"Two nights later, back in Madison, I related this event on radio WKOW and met with a skeptical reaction from rational listeners. I still suspect that civilization has banished evil spirits from most of the earth but not from the Alpine Tunnel." ●

Alpine Tunnel mouth has been blocked for many years by a cave-in of snowsheds.
Photograph by the late Gilbert A. Lathrop

Westbound freight train on Clinchfield Railroad rumbles across Pond Point bridge near Elkhorn City, Kentucky.
Photograph by Elmer Treloar

STEAM POWER IN SWITZERLAND

Photographs and Text by Thomas T. Taber

AMERICANS are becoming more and more interested in overseas railroads, especially those with steam power. Last summer 250 of us boarded Swissair planes on nine separate trips to spend two weeks riding and inspecting Switzerland's picturesque rail system. For at least five of us it was the second pilgrimage in search of Swiss steam. We found the 1970 tour even more exciting than 1969's.

You might think, especially after looking at the front cover of the current *Railroad Magazine,* that the Swiss railroads are 100 percent electrified; and so they are, generally speaking. But it is still possible to ride behind Swiss steam locomotives.

The country has a regularly operated steam railroad, only one—the famed Brienze-Rothorn (near Interlaken), whose sturdy little locos climb the rack

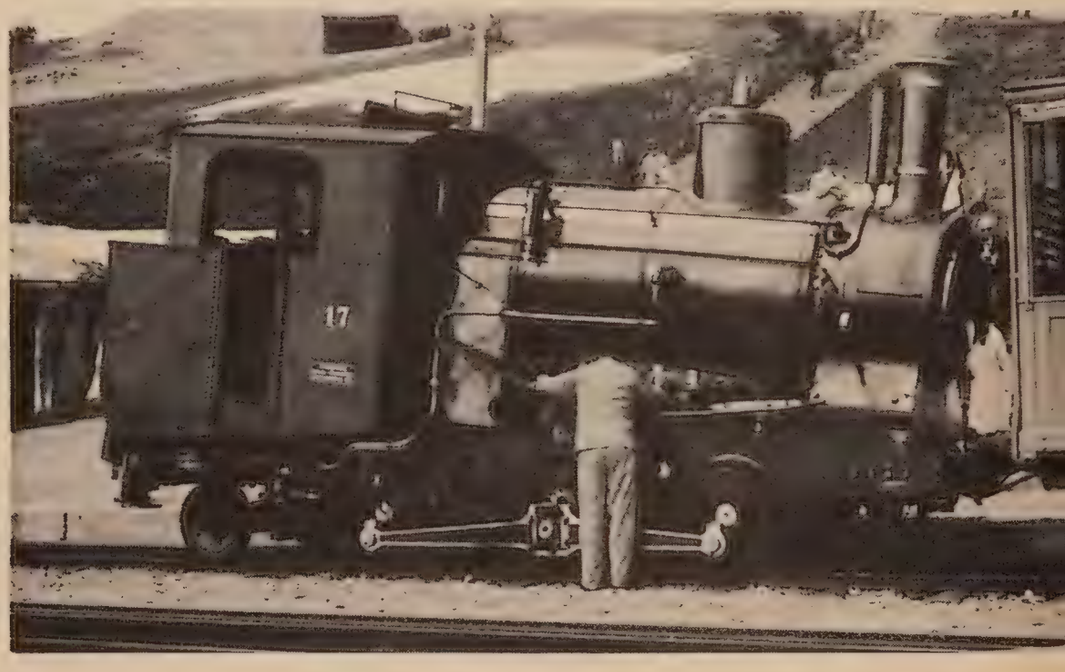
This engine, built in 1899, is called *Jack the Slouch*; she is pulling the *Schaggi-Schnaggi* train out of Zurich.

road from the shore of the Brienzer-See up the majestic Alpine mountain to Rothorn Kulm. This scenic, awe-inspiring line will run a special train, at no extra charge, for 30 or more passengers.

"We like to keep our engines working," says Director Luber, who is most friendly to steam fans.

But that isn't the only Swiss railroad with steam power. Most tourists do not know—and cannot see—that several roads keep steamers in storage and, for a reasonable price, will fire them up on special trains for organized parties. The 1970 Swissair "Railroader" tours included seven steam specials, something that no individual traveler could have ridden on his own.

The *Amor Express* on the Bodensee-Toggenburg Ry. is often used for weddings.



No. 17 runs from Vitznau to Rigi Kulm in the rack railroad, the Rigi Bahn.

This 0-10-0T operates on the preserved Blonay-Chambley line near Montreux.

The first of our steam specials operated from Zurich's Selnau station on the Sitahlbahn, to Sihlwald, a distance of about 15 kilometers. This train is so popular with children that its cars are decorated with brightly colored pictures of circus animals. The train itself is known as the *Schaggi-Shnaggi* and its engine as *Jack the Slouch*. Built in 1899, *Jack* is still in beautiful condition and runs like the proverbial Swiss watch.

You can charter this unique train for only about $125—quite a contrast with prices that American railroads charge to charter a steam train! Upon arrival at Sihlwald, *Jack* obligingly trotted over to a large shed and pulled out of it a privately owned French 4-8-2 named *Le Boeuf (The Bull)*, whereupon cameras clicked.

Next day's feature was a 60-km. ride on the Bodensee-Toggenburg Railway's famous *Amor Express*. Its three cars are painted red, yellow, and blue respectively. This unusual train is used often for wedding receptions—and who could think of a nicer way to begin a honeymoon? The 2-6-2-T is B-T No. 9, built in 1910 and maintained in spotless condition by a locomotive club. The club's president doubles as locomotive engineer; actually, he is a retired engineman. He appreciated the gift from us of a traditional red bandanna handkerchief, the type worn in North America in steam days. The entire cost of chartering this train was about $300. There were 37 people in our party, but the cost would have been the same regardless of the number of passengers.

Later on, we enjoyed a 100-km. trip on a special steam train over the narrow-gage world-renowned Rhaetian Railway from the railroad shops at Landquart to Filisur, via Davos. The beautiful little 107, a 2-8-0 built in 1907, gave a magnificent performance. Her sharp bark as we climbed a mountain range was indeed music to our ears. The modest charge for this memorable trip was a first-class ticket for each passenger, plus a fee of $125 for the steam locomotive.

Since this is largely a description of steam railroading, we won't go into details of the remarkable electric trains we travelled on, or the magnificent scenery, which would be a long and fascinating story in itself. Our next steam special was on the mountainous Furka-Oberalp rack and adhesion narrow gage line from Brig to Oberwald, about 50 kilometers. Their handsome little 4-spot, a 2-6-0-T, was built in 1913 and is still performing beautifully. Besides climbing mountains and galloping across meadows, No. 4 oblingingly gave us a typical American run-by.

At Lucerne, the narrow-gage rack and adhesion Lucerne-Engelberg Railway provided a brand new three-car electric train for us. The crew included Managing Director Neuhaus and Chief Engineer Peter Berger, the latter being a member of our own Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. As soon as the single-track main line was clear of other traffic, these men instructed us in the art of operating a Swiss electric train. Thereafter, each one of us took turns driving it, for a couple of miles, with the women proving as skillful as the men! That evening, at a reception in Engelberg, each person in our party received a Swiss watch. His or her name was engraved on its case, with an inscription stating that on that date the owner had qualified as a driver on the L-S-E.

A few days later we travelled to Brienz, near Interlaken, for a trip on the nation's only regularly steam-operated road, the Brienz-Rothorn. Throughout the summer they operate their seven magnificent little rack-steamers, the oldest of which, No. 1, dates back to 1891. You probably wouldn't believe her age when you see her shoving passenger-filled cars through breathtaking scenery to the top of Rothorn-Kulm.

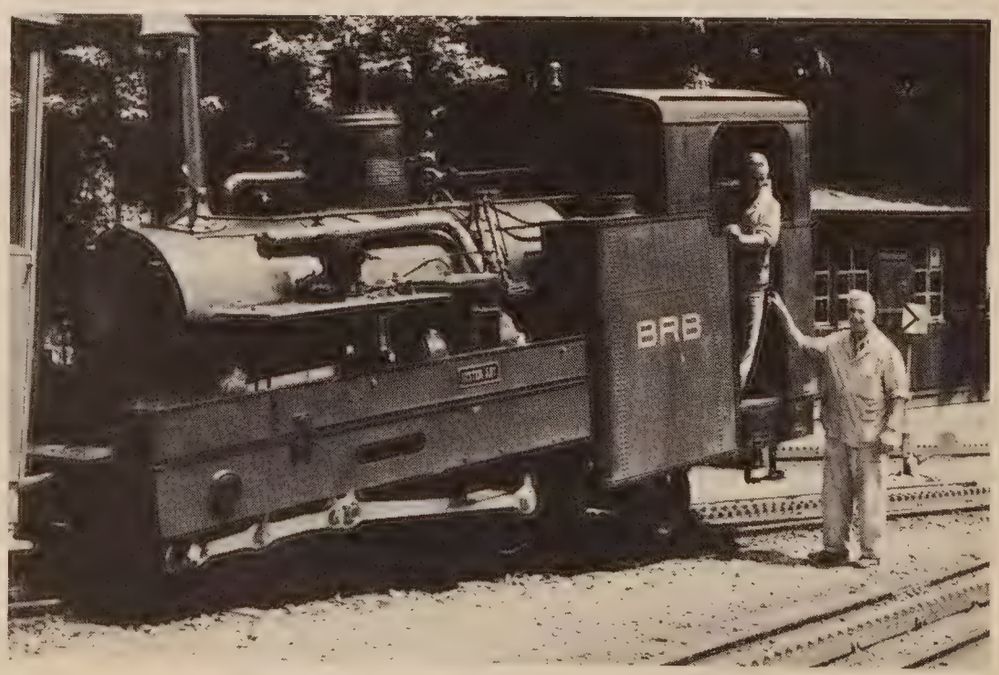
"We have no intention in giving up our steam operation," says Director Luber.

It had been planned to have the one remaining steam loco on this exceptionally narrow-gage road from Wilderswill to Schynige-Platt push our group to the top; but the line was still blocked by snow, even though it was early June. You see, Switzerland had experienced more snow during the previous winter than it had for over 125 years.

In Lucerne, following a visit to the first-class Transportation Museum there, we traveled by boat on the blue water of Lake Lucerne to Vitznau, enjoying a tasty lunch en route. At Vitznau, the Rigi Bahn, a rack railroad up to the top of Rigi Kulm, had its highly-polished No. 17 fired up to push us as a special train. Built in 1925, No. 17 belies her age, for she and her partner, the 16, are always ready to push a special party up the mountain for the price of a ticket per passenger and an extra fee of $100 for firing up the engine.

The last steam run on our tour, 12 kms. in each direction, was over the Blonay-Chambley narrow-gage line. The latter is a privately-owned steam loco preservation and operation activity, carried on near Montreux. This little line has acquired two tiny Mallets, which are used on passenger trains, plus a German 0-10-0-T with tiny driving wheels. The trip is relatively short but interesting and scenic.

Every member of our party returned home with enthusiasm for the amazing Swiss railways and their on-time performance. The spotless condition of equipment and stations astonished those accustomed to American railroads. So satisfying was this tour that we have already begun making plans for a 1971 steam pilgrimage to Austria and Germany. ●



Brienze-Rothorn No. 1, vintage 1891, runs on the rack road near Interlaken.

Train M8, International Rys. of Central America in Guatemala. (Elmer Treloar photo)

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

with Mike Eagleson

A PERE MARQUETTE 2-8-4 may run soon. Michigan State University at East Lansing, which controls Berkshire 1225, is rebuilding her for football-game specials. Parts are available from sister engine 1223, now at Michigan State Fairgrounds. I'm eager to see the 1225 in action and hope the University has the good sense not to reletter or otherwise alter her authentic look.

Duluth & Northeastern 0-6-0 switcher No. 29 (Lima '44) has been sold to Earl Grice of Mankato, Minn., who plans to restore her for a tourist operation, reports Lloyd Olson, 1609 W. 31st St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

Boyne City Railroad, an ICC-regulated Michigan shortline, seeks an operable 70-ton steam tender engine. Contact Hollis Baker, Baker Furniture, Inc., Exhibitors Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Burlington 2-8-2 No. 4960, now stored at Circus World Museum in Baraboo, Wis., has been donated to Mid-Continent Railway Museum at North Freedom, same state, which hopes to restore her for fantrips, reports Jeff Haertlein, 3215 S. Illinois Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53207.

Thanks to funds donated to Steamtown USA, Bellows Falls, Vt., an ex-Union Pacific 4-4-0 has been given a new cab, steam-cleaned, and repainted. Steamtown wants to sell an 0-4-0 switcher, proceeds to go for engine-house construction.

Tramweg Stichting Museum in Noorn, Holland, is operating several steam locos, but the rest of the country is all diesel and electric. Belgium has no steam at all except 3 Lima 2-8-0's sitting at the Belgian Railway shops in Schaerbeek, says Harold Buckley, Jr., 8484 16th St., Silver Spring, Md. 20910.

Wild West Town "Old Tuscon," in Tuscon, Ariz., bought 98-year-old *Reno,* ex-Virginia & Truckee, at auction from MGM Studios, reports H. Chalmers Kerr, Jr., 2909 First Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92103.

Japanese National Railways will store 16 steam locos of different classes in a shed at Kyoto, to be kept in running order for excursions, I learn from Maj. Dennis Cavagnard, USMC, H-MS-12, MAG 12, FPO San Francisco 96602.

Southern Pacific 4-10-2 No. 5021, possibly destined for scrapping, was standing on Santa Fe spare trackage at San Bernardino, Calif., when cartoonist Al Bloodworth of Kingman, Ariz., saw her recently.

Rumors persist of a proposed tourist steam line out of Mexico City going to the pyramids at Teotihuacan. The *Depto Patrimonia Nacional* (concerned with national heritage) has suspended all sales of steam engines and parts. Piles of steam hardware had been set aside for collectors, but none is being shipped, and payments are being refunded. I recall an attempt to save an ex-Florida East Coast 4-8-2 from Mexico. American fans had offered a bid for the loco several times her scrap value. The Mexicans wanted double the bid, claiming she was part of their national heritage; but the group couldn't meet the high figure, so NdeM scrapped her, national heritage and all. This item comes from Charles Knoll, 120 Coolidge Ave., Spencerport, N.Y. 14559.

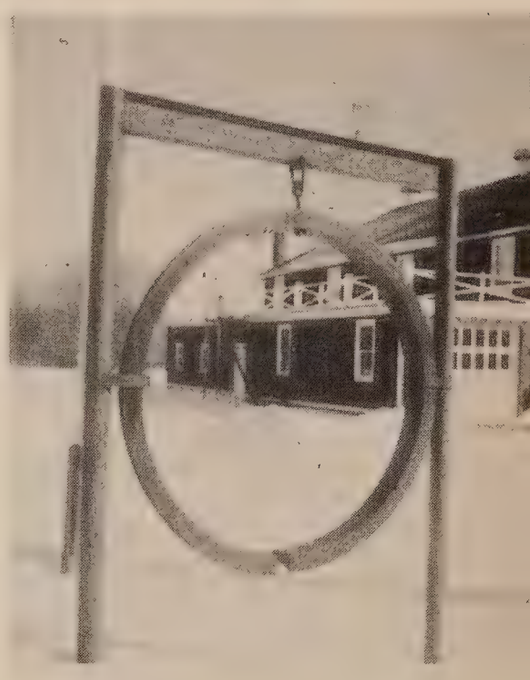
Ex-Grand Trunk Western 4070 is now stored operable in Penn Central roundhouse at Erie, Pa. The Midwest Railroad Historical Foundation owns her. MRHF initials have been painted on the tender, where the GTW herald once was proudly displayed, and the front number plate now painted red and yellow, reports John Corns, 1614 Ambler S.W., North Canton, Ohio 44709.

Burlington 2-8-2 No. 4978, long stored in the Galesburg, Ill., roundhouse, has been given to LaSalle County Historical Society in Ottawa, Ill.

My August column said Cowichan Valley Forest Museum was "dropping its live-steam operation, with chances of a steam revival being very remote." Such, happily, is untrue. This Duncan, Vancouver Island, B.C., steam line is still going strong, but now closed for winter, says Pat Phillips, supervisor.

Wanamaker, Kempton & Southern is back in business under new ownership. Located in Kempton, Pa., it is using 0-4-0T No. 2 while its 2-6-2 No. 250 awaits repairs.

An 1890 Baldwin loco, built for Hawaii, is for sale in California. Call (408) 335-5335. This 12-ton, 3-footgager was appraised at $65,000, but the owner is taking offers, reports Duane Rymenams, 3341 8th Ave., Racine, Wis. 53402.



Old tire from steam loco (which one?) is used as a fire-bell by the Stepney (Conn.) Volunteer Fire Dept. No. 1.
Chas. Grabert, 170 Read St., Bridgeport, Conn. 06607

Essex Terminal in Windsor, Ont., still has its ex-Canadian National 0-6-0 No. 23 in storage. "Who knows of plans for her?" asks Norman Reinhardt, 242 Broadway, Passaic, N.J. 07055.

In Peru, Ind., a German-built steamer stands rusting along Rte. 24, badly in need of restoration, reports L. A. Miller, Box 537, Metamora, Ill. 61548.

Maddox Foundry & Machine Works, in Archer, Fla., has a fully restored 3-foot gage 2-4-0, No. 3, stored in their shops as a tribute to the company's founders. "Who knows of plans for this 1906 Baldwin?" asks Ken Willis, 716 S.W. 16th Ave., Gainesville, Fla. 32601.

Union Pacific 2-8-0 No. 618, ex-Oregon Shortline 1068, has been donated to NRHS, Promontory Chapter. She has long been displayed on Utah State Fairgrounds in Salt Lake City and could probably be made operable without too much work.

Mike Eagleson does not work in our office. To save time, send steam mail directly to his home, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mount Arlington, N.J. 07856.

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

BART's first prototype electric car was unveiled at the Southern Alameda Yard in Hayward, near San Francisco. The long-awaited prototype rolled smoothly, on tracks for the first time, through the doors of the District's huge maintenance facility there. Some 24 hours earlier, the car arrived from the Rohr Corp.'s Chula Vista plant in southern California.

Nine more such cars will be delivered for extensive tests by Rohr, BART, and its engineers. After six months of testing, the ten new cars will be fully outfitted to join the first production cars going into revenue service next fall.

The prototype is a 75-foot 'A' car, the lead and control cars in BART trains. (70-foot 'B' cars are similar except for the absence of the attendant's cab). Both cars have their own electric systems for propulsion, braking and door operation, which are controlled (through the 'A' car) by systemwide automatic train control.

Plans call for BART cars running at maximum speeds of 80 mph. and maintaining average speeds of 45-50 mph., including station stops. Inside, the emphasis is on comfort and efficiency. Interiors will have wall-to-wall carpeting both for passenger comfort and to reduce noise levels. (Officials say the carpeting is more economical to maintain than the conventional tile floors, anyway.)

A No. 2 line West Berlin trolley rolls down the rain-soaked Bernauer Strasse next to the Berlin Wall on June 14, 1963. West Berlin now has no streetcars.
Peter Jensen, Box 259, Montclair, N.J.

THE NATION'S last electric interurban line, the Chicago South Shore & South Bend, is now threatening abandonment of all passenger service, due to continuing losses since last year. Ironically, this news comes on the heels of the opening of the new South Bend terminal station a few weeks before.

According to Alex Darragh of Wilmette, Ill., the South Shore's president, James B. McCahey, Jr., indicated that unless financial aid comes from somewhere, the line may have to shut down passenger service by year-end. However, the CSS&SB has a very profitable freight business—up $1 million over last year. Chesapeake & Ohio owns the line, but this is no cause for optimism, since the parent company will not come to its aid. The C&O wants freight profits to roll in, unburdened by passenger headaches.

A history of the South Shore line, written by William D. Middleton is almost ready for publication by the Golden West Publishing Co. We aim to review it shortly.

HOLDUP of a Pittsburgh trolley and its passengers was averted recently by quick-thinking motorman Harry E. Bouvy, reports Jim Cerny, 1022 Province St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212. An inbound No. 37 Shannon trolley, loaded with morning rush-hour passengers, reached the McKinley stop.

Red Arrow No. 79 on the Sharon Hill line. We hope the young lady occasionally checks to see if a trolley is behind her.
Harold A. Smith, 61-17 68 Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11227

At that time, Bouvy saw a log, 8 inches thick, across the tracks. He stepped from the car to remove it—thinking it was probably a teen-age prank—and heard a voice from a cluster of vines ordering him to get inside and tell the passengers to throw out their wallets.

The motorman did as the bandit ordered and told the nearest passenger, "There's a guy in the bushes who wants your money." Many of the passengers thought he was joking.

Keeping cool, Bouvy shouted back to the robber, "They don't want to."

But some women passengers had already taken out their purses.

"Hurry up, or somebody's going to get hurt," the bandit demanded. But Bouvy insisted the 50 passengers wouldn't comply.

"Then throw out your own money," the robber called.

"We don't carry any under the ready-fare," the conductor said. "All I have is 11 cents."

At that point he decided to make a break for it and run the barricade. The trolley lurched ahead, grinding over the log and splitting it in half.

"It was a bumpy ride and, for a second, I thought we had derailed, but the car kept going," he said.

JAMES K. CARR, general manager of the San Francisco Municipal Railway, has obtained help from Lockheed Corp.'s Missiles and Space division in developing a source of power for trackless trolleys to enable them to operate beyond the end of their overhead wire, writes Ted Wurm, 122 Monte Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94611.

Using aerospace techniques and materials, Lockheed engineers are developing a kinetic energy wheel—a flywheel that revovles at 20,000 revolutions a minute and stores enough energy to propel vehicles for five miles or more beyond the overhead. Later, it can return to the wires, using the stored energy.

In lighter Muni system news, we learn from *Bay Area Electric Railway Review* of a hassle involving dogs carried on its cars and buses. Apparently, San Francisco is one of the few cities allowing pets on its public transit vehicles. Until May 1st you could take your dog with you on Muni vehicles if you paid an additional adult fare of 20 cents. On that date, though, the

Northbound London & Port Stanley electric stops at St. Thomas, Ont., June '53.
Photograph by Elmer Treloar

company refused to allow anything other than seeing-eye dogs or pets that were boxed. Citizens protested, with the result that Muni relaxed the ban late in July. Now, dogs are allowed between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. and between 7 p.m. and 5 a.m. if they are on a short leash and muzzled. Fare is 20 cents, but senior citizens can take their dogs along for only 5 cents extra.

We understand that the 20-cent fare in San Francisco will shortly give way to a quarter—still cheaper than most cities that size.

WASHINGTON'S Metropolitan Area Transit Authority has awarded a contract to study the feasibility of adding 14 miles to the 98-mile subway system now being built in the District of Columbia area, according to *Passenger Transport*, trade paper of the transit industry. The proposed line would begin in the area of the Capital Beltway near Metro's Route 7 station and terminate at Dulles Airport, using the median strip of the Dulles Airport access road.

Says *Passenger Transport*: "The project will probe all aspects of extending service to that area, including construction and operating costs, estimated ridership, revenue forecasts, route layout, and optimum train schedules. One proposal would provide for non-stop shuttleservice between Dulles and I-66; another for a two-stop shuttle serving the community of Reston and one other intermediate point. Under both shuttle proposals, Metro trains providing this service would operate only along the Dulles Airport access road, never entering the main Metro system.

"The contract also calls for recommendations on feeder bus routes, parking facilities, street systems and station design, to accommodate the various alternatives of service."

NUMBERING system to be used on the 123 new doubledecker electric commuter cars being built for the Illinois Central is explained in *Hello,* the line's regular message letter to its riders.

We are told: "The first car to roll off St. Louis Car's assembly line will be No. 1501; full 123-car order will be numbered 1501 through 1623."

The paper also tells a story of the press luncheon in 1966 which inaugurated IC's automatic revenue collection system. Among the speakers was the late U.S. District Judge Elmer Schnackenberg, an IC commuter for better than 40 years. He spoke about three sentences and then sat down: "Forty years ago I rode the first IC electric commuter train. Rode in car 1146. This morning I rode in the same car to come down here."

LINE CAR No. 4, which had been loaned to the Massachussetts Bay Transportation Authority by the Seashore Trolley Museum earlier this year, is finally back at the museum, reports Norton D. Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161. It was borrowed after a subway accident had put MBTA line car No. 3283 out of service.

PHOTOS of the ex-Third Avenue Railway single-truck cars at an unknown location (March '70) have brought another suggested solution to the puzzle. Earlier, readers thought the cars were in Ithaca, N.Y., or Danbury, Conn. Jefferson R. Kean, Box 9639, Rosslyn Sta., Arlington, Va. 22209, now suggests that the "GS&SRR" on the cars' side panels stands for the Goldsboro, Seven Springs & Swansboro RR. at Goldsboro, N.C. This was a relatively small trolley company and had some second-hand Washington, D.C. cars.

Perhaps a reader in the Goldsboro area can identify the street scene with the two cars. We'd be happy to show him a print, if he is interested.

OUR September issue mentioned two interurban cars from the Northwest whose present location was unknown. In *Running Extra,* David E. Reuss asked the whereabouts of interurban car 360 (ex-Inland Empire, later Pacific Northwest Traction No. 60), which used to sit alongside the Interstate Freeway north of Bellingham, Wash. In our Sept. *Transit Topics,* Mr. Reuss wanted to know what happened to an Interstate Public Service (Ind.) sleepingcar interurban which had been on a Pacific Great Eastern work train.

The answer comes from Raoul Martin, secretary of the Puget Sound Railway Historical Assn., Box 1362, Seattle, Wash. 98102. It turns out that the body of ex-PNT No. 60 had served as a diner, and the owner was preparing to burn it when museum members located it. The car was in good enough condition to save, so the members moved it to the museum at Snoqualmie Falls.

Raoul tells of an experience in saving No. 60: "One of our new members did much of the preparation work to get the car ready for movement. This included cutting away the attached kitchen building so the body would be free to move. In his work he came across a window that was covered with aluminum sheeting. When he removed it he found a completely intact oval, leaded, stained-glass window. He thought it was really a find, and it was. But he didn't cover it back up. Two days later, when we returned, vandals had completely destroyed the window."

The ex-PGE, ex-Interstate sleeper has also been saved and brought to the PSRHA museum. This car was formerly the *Scottsburg,* later renamed the *Clinton.* As we mentioned in October, it was obtained essentially intact, even with sleeping-berths.

Trolley Museum News

WE understand that the first electric operation at the Trolley Valhalla museum, Tansboro, N.J., took place in July when a Philadelphia Transportation Co. Peter Witt car moved under its own power for a short distance. According to Andrew W. Maginnis, 38 Harvey St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144, efforts are now being made to extend the operating trackage and put more cars into service.

DISQUIETING thoughts about trolley museums in general are generated by a recent item in the Branford Electric Ry. Assn. newsletter, later republished with comments in a journal of

the Glenwood Trolley Museum near Portland, Oregon.

The Branford museum, which celebrates its 25th anniversary this year, started with cars of the Connecticut Company, then near the end of its trolley days. The cars, necessarily, were old, even though operable. Since then, many cars have been added; now there are over fifty. None was obtained new, of course, and most needed repairs at the time they were acquired.

Today, out of all the cars it owns, Branford can list only *nine* that are in reasonably good condition for service. The newsletter states:

"Maintenance and repair of equipment has been, and still is, our weakest endeavor. Of the original cars that were operational, only two remain in use and these are near the end of service unless overhauled. The other cars, formerly operational, are now in dead storage awaiting badly needed repairs and repainting.

"A cursory inspection indicates that all cars are in need of work ranging from limited repairs to major overhauls. If the standards of maintenance and repair practice over the past 20 years continue, we shall eventually find the Assn. with few or no cars available for revenue operations. Even with rudimentary repair facilities and funds available from the past few years, little progress has been made on car repair and overhaul."

Paul Class of the Glenwood museum comments: "Many persons think that a restored trolley is one in which the woodwork has been cleaned down to bare wood and varnished, the brass carefully polished and coated, and the exterior refinished to a luster after repairs. This makes for a fine body and body only, not a complete trolley car. A streetcar is *bearings*. An overhaul is *bearings* and repairs other than circuits are *bearings*. Let me explain. Every time the wheel on a car turns around once the armature inside the motor (that rather large metal lump between the wheels)* turns 6 or more times. Thus you could say that the motor bearings are wearing out 6 times faster than the axle bearings and since you can't see the motor bearings our first sign of trouble may come from a grass fire on the main line as a motor flashes over, or worse yet, goes to ground. When the latter happens we have just bought $800 worth of GE or Westinghouse armature repair."

To save time, send *Transit Topics* mail directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

New Electric Publications

1971 Electric Railroad Calendar **featuring twelve 8½x11 photos of trolley and interurban scenes is available for $1.50 from Golden West Books, P.O. Box 8136, San Marino, Calif. 91118. All reproductions in this wall calendar are exceptional views.**

Ten-page *Souvenir Guidebook* of the National Capital Trolley Museum, operating on Bonifant Rd, norh of Wheaton, Md., can be had for 75¢ from NCTM, Box 5795, Bethesda, Md. 20014. It includes a story of the project, a roster, and photos of all the museum's trolleys. ●

Edward Bond, 5822 Big Horn Dr., S.W., Roanoke, Va. 24018

Ballston Terminal RR. passenger car No. 10 passed this refreshing falls on the way to Middle Grove, N.Y., years ago.

The train dispatcher of nearly a century ago bears no resemblance to the modern man who sits in a tower and operates CTC.

ENIGMATIC TRAIN RULES

by JOHN P. SPIKES, JR.

Retired Second-Trick Chief Train Dispatcher, Chesapeake & Ohio-Baltimore & Ohio

WITH a look of disgust, a mature flagman hurled a lighted fusee from the rear of a slowly-moving passenger train. "That kid," he exclaimed, "wouldn't know a good job of railroading if he saw one!" The flagman was reacting normally to criticism from a newly-appointed young assistant trainmaster.

On another occasion, a train pulling away from an interlocking station left its flagman behind. Indignantly, he climbed the steep steps of the tower to ask the operator when the next train was due.

"No. 16, due in ten minutes," said the operator, adding with a grin, "but the DS told me not to stop her. She's a featured train, you know."

The flagman nodded and slowly descended the steps. When he heard the all-Pullman consist approaching, he cracked a fusee. The streamliner's GM diesel units and gleaming cars halted before the imperative red flare, and he climbed aboard.

"An unwritten rule is that you can't interfere with a flagman," the chief dispatcher said to a young man, meaning myself, who was dispatching trains that day. Then I remembered a rules examiner who liked to tell his classes that our rules were written in blood—the blood of former accidents which prompted the devising of many rules aimed at preventing their repetition.

Over the years, our industry has built up a veritable dictionary of rules, an entire book of terse and cryptic instructions. The written examination for rail employes consists of over 900 questions which require answers. In addition, at the time of employment, the men and women involved in handling trains must attend rules classes at intervals of from one to two years.

The rules on different rail lines vary only slightly from the Standard Code—i.e., the set of operating rules adopted by all American railroads in 1889 and now the basis of today's rules. An authoritative book, *Rights of Trains,* first published in 1904 and revised three times since then, contains over 400 pages and probably 150,000 words of exposition and discussion. Maybe you are familiar with it. The late Peter Josserand revised it in 1951 when he was a night chief dispatcher on the Western Pacific. Pete was also a con-

tributor to *Railroad Magazine* and *The Engineers Journal,* for which he often wrote articles on train rules and other phases of railroad operation.

But why, you may ask, has so much been written about the rules and regulations of a single industry? Pete wrote in *Rights of Trains*: "It is doubtful that even the most intelligent non-railroaders could, unassisted, study the average rulebook and successfully pass a rules examination."

When a new clerk, with no previous rail experience, shows up in a dispatcher's office to handle reports on train movements, he or she has a continuous struggle for several months, at least, with railroad terminology.

A local newspaper columnist, writing about the many new words (*finalize*, for example) creeping into our language, stated: "Even the railroads are following the trend of new words. A train is not just cancelled any more; it is *annulled.*" I couldn't resist informing him that the word *annulled* has been in use on railroads for over 80 years. Another thing that annoys dispatchers is the habit of some newspaper reporters of referring to train announcers at terminals as train dispatchers. The proud DS resents being confused with the men with the garbled voice.

But let's go back to railroad rules. The term *operating employe* is restricted by the so-called operating unions to the five crew men who actually ride trains: the conductor, engineer, fireman, flagman, and brakeman. The brakeman is at the bottom of this ladder until he is promoted to flagman. But due to the seniority system, we have had—and may still have—engineers working as flagmen, conductors working as flagmen, and so on.

The operating part of a railroad consists of the five crew men plus the train dispatcher, the yardmaster, and the now-called train-order operator (formerly known as the telegraph operator). Each of these men is strictly supervised and must have passed an exam. The rules are not just a list of prohibitions such as those you might find in other industries, but refer directly to how the game is played. No violations or misunderstandings are, or should be, tolerated.

"How long is a train order in effect?" an examiner might ask you.

"Twelve hours," you might answer lightly, but if you do you are immediately in trouble.

"A train order," the examiner would explain, "is in effect until fulfilled, superseded, or annulled. A *schedule* is in effect for twelve hours."

But there are complications. *Rights of Trains* devotes 30 printed pages, including illustrations, to the simple question of when a schedule is or is not in effect. Even after you have read those 30 pages, you may know less about it than you did before. When a new timetable involving schedule changes is issued, only the chief dispatcher or another competent official does the job. Great care is taken to avoid misunderstanding by crews, especially on single track.

But what about "outmoded" rules of the early 1960's? You might think that the word refers to operating rules and that many changes were in store, but this is only another example of the misuse of words. The references have been changed to "outmoded work rules" and refer more appropriately to various items in union agreements.

Now let's look at the C&O-B&O rulebook effective April 27, 1969, and a few actual rule changes. I select that because it is one of the latest printed rulebooks and not because I worked for B&O for about 30 years, retiring in 1965 as a second-trick chief dispatcher. The book was compiled by top-notch rules men. Its rules changes are in the direction of safety.

Sections of trains have been abolished and there will be no more orders that "Second One meet Third Four at D," etc. During World War II as many as five or six sections of one schedule were operated as troop trains. The handling of passenger trains in sections is complicated, especially where sections are set up or withdrawn at intermediate points, or where one has to reverse positions with another. Considering the many rules involved, the Pennsylvania Railroad dropped sections of trains as far back as the 1940's. Many railroaders will be glad to know that C&O-B&O has followed suit, thus simplifying their rules for clarity.

Another change is that the new book does not mention operating a passenger train as a passenger extra. While the Standard Code makes it clear that no extra train is superior to another extra, the principle has been subject to misunderstanding at various times.

In one instance, the crew on a train running as a passenger extra got the idea that the "varnished" cars entitled them to the main track at a meeting point. But the crew on the freight extra in the superior direction barrelled down the main track, as was their right, causing a collision. After that, B&O dispatchers were instructed more than 20 years ago to state plainly in each meet order which train was to take siding. The present company retains the "take siding" clause in each meet order.

The "run late" order also has been abolished. For example, No. 2 can no longer run 50 minutes late from Z to F. The reason is that any crew receiving such an order could get the impression that No. 2 is—and will continue to be—50 minutes late, but only between Z and F. After leaving F, the train could start gaining time and might actually arrive at A on time. There is also, as pointed out in *Rights of Trains*, nothing to prevent a dispatcher from starting a first section of No. 2 out of F on time.

Over the years, railroads have attracted many college graduates. But there are no Master Degrees in our rules. Newcomers often find themselves in a world of apparently confused movement and strange words. They may look at the small rulebook of 120 or more pages, containing 1200 to 1500 unexplained rules, and turn with dismay to a timetable containing 35 pages of condensed special instructions—and abandon ship. On many roads, for a period of up to six months, these supervisory trainees will be at liberty to ride engines and cabooses of freight and passenger trains and visit all headquarters, departments, and all stations, towers, and offices.

In the last two decades, very few experienced railroad men have been promoted from the ranks to supervisory positions. An old maxim is that if you don't know something, ask a person who does. This is how you learn the game; there are no academies. An oldtimer will answer questions cheerfully and even volunteer helpful information. His secret hope, however, is that the trainee, who eventually may be his boss, will not appear to have learned in six months more than he himself has acquired in a lifetime of actual experience.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

Few roads have bi-level coaches; one is the Canadian Pacific. We see a commuter train running from Montreal to Rigaud.
James Sandilands, 4000 Melrose Ave., Montreal 28, P.Q., Canada

EFFECTIVE September 1st, five eastern and 17 western railroads were granted ICC permission to raise their fares 10 percent. This is expected to yield $3.3 million in additional revenue to the financially troubled Penn Central, $370,000 each to the B&O and C&O, and $97,600 to the Norfolk & Western. We have no figures for the other 18 roads.

Penn Central promptly boosted its commuter fares in the Philadelphia area, with the approval of the Pennsylvania Public Utilities Commission and the Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority. Monthly tickets went up between $3 and $8.50, based on the distance traveled. One-way fares and 10-trip tickets also cost more. But even with the revenue boost, PC claims it will still lose money on commuter service.

The Santa Fe has inaugurated a "one-class" passenger tariff. Travel in a sleeping car costs you the same basic fare as you pay for a chair car—subject, of course, to additional payment for sleeping accommodations. Other Western roads have boosted both chair-car and first-class fares by 10 percent. Santa Fe joined in raising chair-car fares, but is alone in adopting the one-class tariff, which has the effect of reducing fares.

Southern Pacific is again asking the Public Utilities Commission for the right to drop the *San Joaquin Daylight*, which runs daily between the San Francisco Bay area and Los Angeles; also the *Sacramento Daylight*, a stub train connecting with the *San Joaquin* at Tracy. The Commission turned down SP's last request to discontinue these trains on Sept. 3, 1969.

Passengers wanting to travel by train between San Francisco and Los Angeles would still have a good alternative. The *Coast Daylight* provides one of the nation's most scenic train rides, and the trip is two hours shorter.

Northwestern Pacific is eliminating its midweek schedule of a self-propelled rail pasenger car through Eel River Canyon between Willits and Eureka, Calif., subject to approval by the California Public Utilities Commission.

"Our new schedule is adequate," says Robert Jochner, manager of passenger traffic. "It helps to preserve the train's week-end traffic, including some tourist and railfan excursions."

Chicago & North Western has dropped its last round trip between Milwaukee and Green Bay, Wis., via the shore line through Sheboygan and Manitowoc. The Santa Fe has knocked off its last round trip into Denver, two locals connecting with mainliners at La Junta, Colo.

The ICC has allowed Burlington Northern to pull off trains 39 and 54 between St. Paul and Duluth, Minn., pending an investigation. It has also ordered the Illinois Central to continue trains 11 and 12 between Chicago and Sioux City, Ia., for up to four months, pending an investigation.

It also directed Penn Central to restore train 50 between New York and Chicago for six months, but left unchanged its decision permitting discontinuance of PC train 53 between Pittsburgh and Chicago. Both trains have been kept in operation by court order.

Penn Central has added a seventh high-speed *Metroliner* round-trip between New York and Washington on a schedule of two hours and 59 minutes each way. More than 1½ million persons have ridden the *Metroliner* since it was inaugurated January 16, 1969, which proves that the public likes to travel by rail if given good service.

A Federal court in Missouri enjoined discontinuances of two Missouri Pacific passenger trains between St. Louis and Kansas City.

Gulf, Mobile & Ohio—which is famed for having hired the world's first full-time train hostesses but no longer has any—proposes to drop a pair of coach-only overnight trains, known as the *Midnight Special*, between Chicago and St. Louis. The two day trains in each direction are not involved.

Louisville & Nashville has applied for the right to eliminate the last pair of passenger trains on its Atlanta-Evansville-St. Louis line.

EMD is researching and developing a lightweight, high-speed, diesel-electric train for use in major metropolitan corridors. A company statement calls it a "commuter train" to link cities about 300 miles apart. EMD also has developed a new design for commuter locomotives with improved operating characteristics and greater electrical capacity which provides increased passenger comfort.

These concepts are being discussed with the U.S. Department of Transportation. The EMD "corridor" train may be a challenger to the *Turbo-*

Train, a brilliant concept for high-speed passenger service but one which has yet to begin operating up to hopes.

It is rare news when a railroad builds a new passenger station, as the Union Pacific did recently. The new depot is a modest little building at the north edge of the Kansas City stockyards. It serves two trains daily. Those trains, No. 117 and 118 locals which also handle freight, are the remnants of the *Portland Rose* which once ran from Kansas City to the Pacific Northwest. Until the new building was opened, they arrived and departed from the Union Station, Kansas City's huge rail terminal, third largest in the nation and which once handled 350 trains daily.

And speaking of stations. you'll find some good reading matter and some pictures in *The Bulletin*, issued bi-monthly by the Railroad Station Historical Society; dues $3 a year. The editor is William F. Rapp, 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333. Here is a poem from a recent issue, written by Hargis Westerfield of Kearney (Neb.) State College: "Lynchburg Station':

Deep in a Virginia gorge: old walls,
Vines, hanging gardens, swirl of old
Canal locks, smoky tunnels, memories:
Ghost of a steam locomotive whistle
I cannot hear, never will hear again:
Blackened walls (red flame in firebox
Bells, gallant chuff of the steam, tunnel
Rhythms, roll of wheels): black tunnels
Or silence: daylight swirl of canal locks
Broken: neat white station, clean
pictures;
A long time ago: orderly clerks
At the counters, dispatchers' quiet,
memories:
Outside, the diesel air-horns
Bring the long trains in on time
From mountain tunnels, long
Grades: red luxury coaches
Recline up the long grade
Deep into mountains.

Arthur Levitt, New York State Comptroller, advises state employes to use the train or bus in preference to more expensive air travel when traveling on state business between Albany and New York. Sound enough, provided there are still passenger trains left to catch. There are, of course.

You can still ride the "freight-only" Soo Line as a paying passenger. Freight trains 38 and 39, running between Gladstone and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., are authorized to carry passengers. For tickets, contact the Gladstone agent or A.J. Graser in the Soo line Building in Minneapolis, Minn. 55440. They will tell you which train will run on the day you wish to travel. Freight schedules are often revised. In the event that an operation is annulled, you may travel on some other Soo Line freight train.—Thomas Tancula, 7749 W. Windsor Ave., Norridge, Ill. 60656.

Four Canadian unions—Railway and Airline Clerks, Machinists, United Transportation Union, and Railway Transport and General Workers—have formed an organization for a Sane Transportation Policy (STOP) which is asking the Canadian government to help retain passenger trains.

Cyrus Eaton, Nova Scotia-born Cleveland industrialist, says Canada is making a great mistake in allowing the railways to phase out services and lines. Mr. Eaton is chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio. He adds: "Canada has no more important and necessary institutions than its railways." ●

Photograph by Virgil C. Shaff

Candid camera shot of Valentina Mustaciola apparently scraping something off one of her shoes before boarding a Western Pacific train at Fremont, Calif.

Hoboes on the High Iron

True tale by E.A. "Frog" Smith

ONE balmy spring morning in 1919 a big Consolidation rolled out of the Georgia Southern & Florida yards in Macon, Ga., bound for Valdosta, some 150 miles south, on what was intended to be a caboose hop. As the engine slowly neared the tower, the hogger whistled for the board. The towerman's eyes bugged open wide, but not because of the wheezing old hog and her bobtailed train. Staring at the caboose skyline, outlined against the early morning sky, he pointed and the hogger looked back.

"Hell, man," he shouted to the conductor, who was riding the cab, "your crummy is swarming with hoboes!"

"I know it," the con grinned as the engineer eased off on the throttle, "but don't stop. There ain't enough grits and gravy in Macon to feed all the bums on the road. We'll let the Valdosta cops worry about 'em."

Charley Manning, a green tallowpot, who was having trouble with his fire, looked up and grinned. "Maybe one of 'em would like to shovel a little coal," he said; and four heads popped up almost instantly from behind the tailboard on the tank top.

"I'll be damned!" the throttle jerker swore in disgust, while the skipper started counting. He counted 19 hoboes on his train before he learned three more were on the pilot out in front.

"It'll get us fired," moaned the hogger. "Wonder why the brakie doesn't collect fares."

"He wouldn't get a dime," said the con. "They're all broke, they're job hunters bound for Florida. We should get a medal for hauling 'em out of Macon."

But not all railroaders were as friendly as that time-worn freight conductor.

One night in 1931, while I was night-watching a depression-closed sawmill at Hopkins, Fla., it fell to me to deliver a locomotive to a Florida East Coast freight crew. Foshee Lumber Company of Hopkins had sold the 35-ton mogul to Roux Crate Company of Lake Garfield, near Tampa. Regulation grab-irons had been bolted on and she was to be coupled into the train. A hard-boiled conductor was fussing about the 20-mile per hour slow order when a lone old tramp stumbled up in the darkness to report a hotbox 28 cars back. Instead of thanking the stranger for reporting an overheated journal box that could have wrecked the train, the crusty old con turned around furiously.

"What in hell were you doing on my train?" he demanded. "Get off the railroad right-of-way, you dirty son of a bitch, and if I see you again, I'll turn you over to the police."

Maybe the hungry old vagrant wanted just that. One mile further along the line, the conductor found the hobo crouched in an empty boxcar next to

the deadheading Mogul. True to his word, he yanked the man off and called the law. King Boggess, the chief of police, obligingly held the hobo until the con was out of sight. Then he handed the guy a dollar and said: "Here's your breakfast. Don't ever let him catch you again."

Like the police chief, I felt sorry for the old fellow who looked like a family man on the road in search of a job, but the skipper was boss. I made a mental note of what I'd say if I ever saw that conductor again. I did meet him soon afterward, but I was hoboing myself then and in no position to talk back.

Two weeks after the Mogul was shipped from Hopkins, the night-watching job, which had paid me a dollar and a quarter for a 13-hour day, blew up and I went job hunting. I caught the Florida East Coast branch-line freight out of Okeechobee City for the town of Holopaw, 50 miles north; but I had hardly settled down in an empty boxcar when I learned that old sourpuss was the conductor on that run. When we stopped in Kenansville, a genial brakeman warned me to look out for him. So I unloaded from my exposed perch, sat on a pile of crossties, and crossed my legs.

When the old grouch asked me, "Are you riding this train?" I answered: "Naw, I've got a herd of cows bedded down out yonder and I don't want one getting on the track." He thanked me real politely and walked on up the train while I boarded a slow-moving gon and lay down. I never saw the con again.

Around the turn of the century, no Class I railroad was ever without two characters: the trackwalker and the hobo. The trackwalker was a bona fide employee, hired to walk the line, tighten loose rail-joint bolts, drive down loose spikes, and look for signs of a breaking rail. The hobo was a colorful American personality. His castoff clothing, which rarely fit or matched, was his trademark.

The old-time railroad hobo, featured in song and story, did not often live off the fat of the land. His fame came from his looks, his nerve, and occasionally his foolish stunts. Some hoboes traveled dangerously on the truss rods under the cars, while flying stones battered their grimy faces, or rode "the blinds", where soft coal smoke blackened and almost stifled them.

Empty boxcars, known as "Side-door Pullman," were the hobo's favorite spot on a train, but could be their undoing. Trainmen slammed boxcar doors shut to lessen the drag of the wind and sometimes fastened them. In that case the rider was trapped and could easily be handed over to the police. Another good riding place, well out of sight, was the ice bunker in an empty refrigerator car. But you had to let the hatch covers down into the bunker or you might possibly have several tons of ice dumped in on top of you.

Not all hoboes were gentlemen, as is witnessed in this showdown with a trainman.
The American Railway (1889)

When the old-time Weary Willy went foraging for food, no henhouse or potato bank in the vicinity was safe. Some foragers were not averse to roasting a farmer's pig that had strayed too close to the railroad. Many hoboes of yesterday left their symbols, signatures, or other marks on cars, depots, crossties, and even gateposts. Some did so to show the world who had been there; others did it to direct fellow knights of the road to places where they could get a handout.

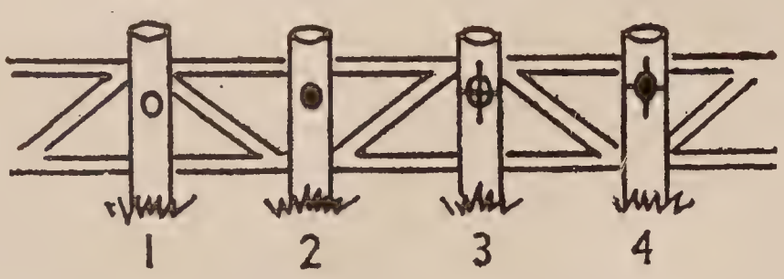
The average tramp of long ago was going nowhere in particular and did not complain about the speed of a train. But one hot July night in 1930, I was in a party of hoboes that got the scare of our lives. There were six of us, all on the road in search of jobs. We went to Selma, Ala., broke, tired, and hungry. A generous farmer gave us a watermelon, which we ate immediately. A big red rooster picked up the seeds as fast as we could spit them out. No doubt he was hungry; he looked like he was on the road, too.

With our bellies full of watermelon, we hid out in a cotton warehouse to wait for the night freight to Montgomery. A friendly watchman warned us against showing our faces in Selma, so we got several hours of much-needed sleep. Near midnight the watchman kicked us awake and I heard the tinkle of what could have been a streetcar bell.

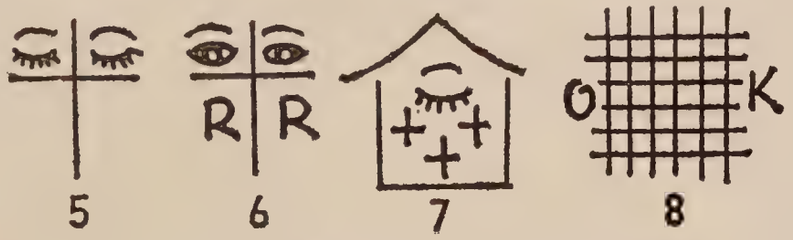
"Oh hell," I told my buddies, "no engine with a bell like that is gonna make time on the road."

But I was wrong. We saw a short redball freight, headed by a high-stepping ten-wheeler with the lines of a racehorse. Her pops lifted as she stopped for the crossover. But only for a moment. The hogger tooted his whistle twice for the junction and then cracked the throttle before the brakes were in full release. We had to move fast or be left in Selma.

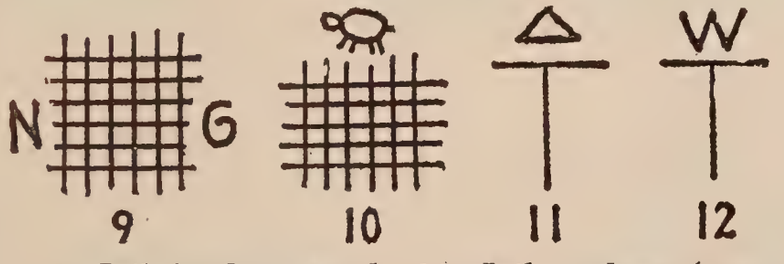
There was no open boxcar and we hadn't time to look for an empty. The train was moving when we grabbed the rear end of an oil tanker, hoping the crew hadn't spotted us. The hogger was beating the stack off that high-wheeled pig as we passed the yard-limit board, and we huddled close to escape the rain of glowing hot cinders. The engineer had the lever halfway down the quadrant and the throttle in



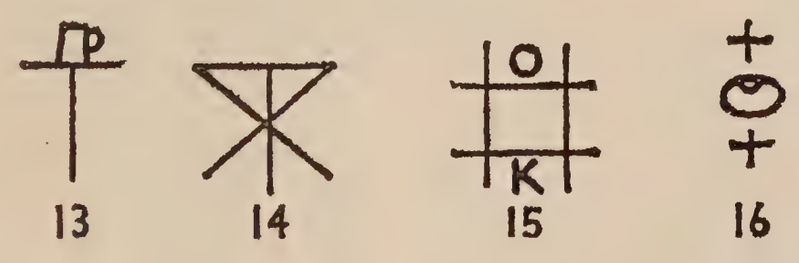
1. Good for a handout. 2. Cranky woman or bad dog. 3. Not generous. 4. Stay away.



5. Police not hostile (note closed eyes). 6. Police hostile (R R stands for railroad police). 7. Jail good for a night's lodging. 8. Jail clean.



9. Jail food no good. 10. Jail unclean (note louse). 11. Jail has rock pile. 12. Jail is a workhouse.



The hobo signal system was a big help to those in unfamiliar areas.

his fat lap, and it stayed right there.

I never had a wilder ride on any railroad. We held on and didn't dare poke our heads beyond the rim of the swaying tanker for fear of getting our ears full of hot cinders, while the hogger kept coaxing more speed from that flying ten-wheeler. Now and then we'd hear the whistle scream as we blasted through a sleeping hamlet. But there was no use in wasting the fireman's steam. Our speed in passing was enough to wake any town. And then another danger showed up to keep us on our toes for the rest of the way into Montgomery.

Behind the tanker we were highballing on through the night was a mixed cargo tanker with three domes. Three domes meant a tank divided into that many compartments. From the way it reacted to the road, one compartment must have been empty or else the car was only half full. She soon began to rock and weave dangerously and all the time that crazy hogger continued to feed his high-wheeled engine through a wide-open throttle. That run should have been recorded for posterity as a warning to all hoboes.

A full moon high in the sky let us see far too much for our peace of mind. That wildly rocking car would lean far out on the side rests; and when the wheels hit a high center, we could see the center plates part for three inches. Only the frail center pin held the truck in position beneath us. When at last the train slowed down and we found our tongues, we swore we'd rather pick cotton the rest of our lives than ride another redball freight on the Western Railway of Alabama.

Hardly had the hogger stopped in Montgomery when we learned we'd been seen boarding the train in Selma. The hard-boiled "brains" stood on one side of the car and a big bruiser with a brake club on the other side. We were handed over to a burly cop, but I talked our way out before he learned that one of our party had a .45 pistol stuck in his boot leg.

I asked directions to the home of W. E. Foshee, a man I had worked for in Florida, and it happened that he and the policeman were friends and neighbors. He told us to get the hell out of town until he was off duty. We did so, and the following day I borrowed money from Mr. Foshee to feed us on the way home.

But on the next leg of our journey I learned that a hobo is no more to be trusted than a railroad bull or the average city cop. We took turns keeping a lookout, but at daylight our sentry was sound asleep. Again the train crew cussed us out and turned us over to the law. That time I failed to say the right thing and we were locked up.

Hardly had the key been turned on us than the paddy wagon came in with another bum. But the police pitied him and suggested that he wash up before piling into their chinchbug-infested bunks. He had ridden the blinds on a car next to the engine of the *Seminole Limited,* but was spotted when he stuck his head out for a breath of fresh air.

While waiting for the corn-pone and sow-belly breakfast, I dragged my battered old harmonica from an inside pocket and began playing sweet and low. Half a dozen male voices joined in, and even the jailer complimented us. When they tired of music, most of the boys amused themselves by making cracks at the women who passed through the alley outside the jail. When one paused to rub her over-

sized breasts against the bars, our blood pressures rose considerably.

At last the chief turned us loose on condition that we leave town. We did that by hustling out to the Central of Georgia yards and boarding the first train headed our way. Imagine our surprise when we tumbled over the side of a gondola to find a dozen other hoboes already there. Half filled with clean white sand, the gon seemed like riding a Pullman. But we didn't get much sleep.

At Reynolds, nine miles out of Fort Valley, Ga., a stop was made for water and we raided a peach orchard.

When we met a passenger train, its skipper leaned from the baggage car door and counted hoboes. "Hell, man," he said to his own crew, "that freight has more passengers than we have!"

I was not long out of my teens when I met Bill Wooden, who knew most of the tricks of riding without a ticket. Bill was a smokestack painter down on his luck. He had landed at Caryville, deep in the Choctawhatchee River swamp country, and been mistaken for a revenue agent. His pack was shot full of holes as he fled up the Louisville & Nashville tracks, and his rope had been cut beyond repair. In disgust, Bill threw his ruined rig into the ditch and hit the road in search of a job. It was a mosquito-filled night in 1916 when he stumbled into our camp, tired, broke, and hungry.

Next morning we drew lots to see who'd go to a neat white farmhouse and ask for a handout. Bill drew the short stick. He approached the house through tall green corn and past a smelly outhouse. His timid knock went unanswered, but he heard voices out front. It was just before noon and a dinner that seemed to be fit for a king simmered on the kitchen stove.

Bill muttered to himself, "I may as well be in jail as to be hungry."

With one eye on the front door, he piled everything he could reach into a pot holding chicken and dumplings. He got away with it, too, and we enjoyed the feast, but we had to run like hell when the law came an hour later.

Bill and me hid out until night. Then we left on a through freight bound for Florida. Because trainmen in those days were hard on bums in general and because we remembered the stolen feast, we didn't dare to risk being caught. We boarded the dark side of the train as its engine slowed for the water tank. That was before the crew unloaded to check the cars. By the time they reached our car, we were stretched out of sight on the roof. When the tank spout went up and a lantern swung a highball from the caboose step, we returned to earth and clambered into the empty boxcar.

As the car had been used to haul melons, several inches of soft straw covered the floor, and I fell asleep. But Bill didn't. As he made his way to one end of the darkened car, his foot touched a soft warm body and he investigated. The clicking of the wheels drowned their whispered greetings.

Later, when a lantern was flashed into the car, Bill and a good-looking blonde were wrapped in each other's arms, sound asleep. I was kicked out of the straw, too, and all three of us were delivered to the local constable. Bill was forced to marry the girl on the spot, and I acted as best man.

I never did see Bill Wooden again, but I learned in a roundabout way that the gal turned out to be a good cook; so I guess Bill stopped rambling. As for me, I didn't do any more hoboing, either. I've been married twice, held a long list of jobs in engine service on logging pikes, and finally retired. But life was a helluva lot more adventurous back in the days when I hit the trail and rode side-door Pullman. ●

Who could ask for a nicer way to spend a summer—fresh air, pleasant accommodations? No wonder these men are hilarious.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 ***Is it true that a cable-car line, or funicular, in the Swiss Alps is operated by water power? How could that be?***

You must mean the Marzilibahn, as the Marzili Funicular Railway is called. This charming antique actually works. Built at Bern, the capital of Switzerland, nearly 100 years ago and overhauled several times, it is said to be Europe's shortest railway, having a total length of only 120 yards and an altitude rise (or descent) of 110 feet.

Two cable-cars operate simultaneously. One at the top of a hill has a water tank with nearly 900 gallons capacity. When that tank is filled, the weight of water plus the force of gravity sends the car downhill and at the same time pulls uphill the other car, which is loaded with passengers and a conductor but whose tank is empty. Then, during a brief pause, the upper car's tank is refilled while the lower one's tank is emptied, and a new group of passengers boards the bottom car. Running time is 90 seconds.

2 ***What is the outlook for railroad jobs over the next few years?***

Pretty good, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, mostly as a result of retirements, resignations, and deaths among current employes. This opens thousands of jobs annually. The long-term drop in railroad employment will continue, but the rate of decline will be less, says the Bureau. Specific positions available include maintenance of way men, clerks, and brakemen. Openings for engineers, firemen, telegraphers, and station agents remain more limited.

3 ***What is the Burlington Northern's mileage?***

The road operates 23,872.55 miles. This figure represents all "first main" on both main and branch lines, but not sidings or yard tracks; nor the Colorado & Southern, 668.02 miles, or the Fort Worth & Denver, 1,279.51 miles, both of which belong to the BN system.

4 ***Why were firemen on oldtime steam locomotives called tallowpots?***

Because one of their duties was to oil the valves and cylinders with a kettle or pitcher of warm liquid tallow. This was often done while the engine was running at speed. Holding his tallowpot in one hand, the fireman would make his way precariously onto the running board beside the boiler, clinging to the handhold so as not to fall against the hot boiler jacket or down to the cinder-ballasted right-of-way that flowed by rapidly beneath him. Some oil containers were handsome, with a spout like a teakettle and shiny brass bands encircling the black iron.

Other terms applied to firemen were ashcat, bakehead, bell-ringer, blackie, coal-heaver, stoker, diamond-cracker, diamond-pusher, fireboy, goat-feeder (yard fireman), and some designations even less complimentary. To qualify for a fireman's job in boomer days you were supposed to have "a broad back and a weak mind."

5 ***In the April '64 issue, Steve Maguire wrote: "The first man to the moon will probably be one who never rode a streetcar." Have either of the astronauts ridden any?***

Yes. "Buzz" Aldrin is from Montclair, N.J., which had Public Service streetcars as late as 1950-'51. We wrote to the National Aeronautics & Space Administration's Manned Spacecraft Center, which then asked Buzz this question. Astronaut Aldrin said he had, indeed, ridden trolleys in his native town of Montclair as well as in several other U.S. cities; also streetcar systems in several European cities, although most of the latter were after he had landed on the moon.

6 ***How long have American locomotive bells been used? What's their purpose?***

No one has traced the origin of the first loco bell. It might be the cabless *John Bull*, built by Robert Stephenson in 1831 for the old Camden & Amboy (now part of the Penn Central). Every known photograph of her shows a bell. Possibly the bell was bolted on after she had been in service. The first engine that definitely had a bell built for her was the Baltimore & Ohio's *Mercury*, constructed in 1842 by Garrett & Eastwick of Philadelphia. Unlike whistles, which were used for operating signals and for distant crossing warnings, bells have been employed to warn people near the right-of-way; also, when approaching grade crossings, especially within city limits.

7 ***What was a "Dutch clock"?***

A speed recording device of long ago. In those days, according to the late Chauncey Del French, Santa Fe trainman: "The proper speed for a freight train had been set for 18 miles per hour, and it was checked by a mechanism kept in each caboose. This device, known as a 'Dutch clock,' was probably the most unpopular invention known to train crews. There were no acceptable alibis for failing to keep within the speed limit recorded by the clock. It was not long, however, before we discovered that the Dutch clock could be jimmied. After we had started our run, about the first sidetrack out of the terminal, we'd uncouple the caboose and give it a good hard slam into the standing train at 18 miles per hour. The clock thereafter would continue to register at 18 mph., irrespective of what speed we developed during the rest of the run."

8 ***Please give a brief history of the Silver Meteor.***

This famous passenger train was inaugurated Feb. 2, 1939 by Seaboard Air Line as an all-coach streamliner to run between New York City and Florida. It had 7 stainless-steel cars: a baggage chair, chair-tavern, dining, chair observation, and 3 coaches. From the beginning it was pulled by a 2000-hp. diesel south of Washington, D.C. (north of Washington, Pennsy electrics were used). Today, the train is both sleeper and coach, leaving New York daily at 2:10 p.m. and arriving in Miami the next day at 4:05 p.m.

9 ***Print the poem "Hotshot Hoghead"***

Here it is, written in 1933 by O. Earl Lyles, a Western Pacific engineer.

Whipping a hotshot eastward,
Shimmering rails are a-gleam,
Smokestack barking a lilting tune,
Primed with a full head of steam.
Drivers are whirling below me.
Pop valve is singing above.
Signals blinking a brilliant green.
Oh, this is the life I love!

The *Silver Meteor* has run since 1939; we see one of its registered nurses and the train at Jacksonville, Fla., in '52.
Photographs by H. A. McBride

Tank is half full of water,
Nearly two-thirds full of coal.
Forty-five box cars dangling east;
Boy, does the old Mike roll!
Dispatcher's watching our progress.
Smiles as we burn up the line,
Getting us dope on westbound crews
Who're late on the advertised time.

Talk about office positions!
Hear that old whistle wail!
I wouldn't trade with John D.
Me for the roaring rail.
Give me a wallowing engine,
A night when stars shine above,
Forty-five cars of hot shot freight
And I'm living the life I love.

Running Extra

According to Donald Robinson, president of the Amherst Railway Society, Box 70, Greenfield, Mass. 01301, staff machines (see Oct. dept.) are not the exchangers used to pass staffs to and receive them from moving trains, but rather the staff holders in the block offices. These machines were designed so that several trains could operate in one direction under the staff system. The staffs themselves were made of steel with a series of rings so spaced that they could be placed only in the proper machine. Machines at the end of the block were interconnected electrically so that only one staff could be removed at a time. Joe Scott of Toronto, Canada, also pointed out the difference between staff machines and staff exchangers.

I am trying to identify an abandoned narrow-gage road which ran parallel to the present Route 121 in upper Westchester County, N.Y. It ran up through North Salem, N.Y., then cut over to a point just south of Ridgebury, Conn. Part of the roadbed is now a bridle path. Was the former railroad ever completed?—Thomas Knight III, Box 153, Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597.

Where did the universal 10-4 sign-off originate?—Ernie Freeman, 4179 Keystone Ave., Culver City, Calif. 90230.

I need information for an article on the Monon, especially mainline and branch arrangements at key points; also, history of freight and passenger service up to modern times. I would welcome photos of Monon equipment, particularly locos and cabooses.—Kevin Ruble, 6124 Lyman Ave., Downers Grove, Ill. 60515.

Does anyone know what happened to the negative collection of the late H. N. "Jiggs" Proctor of Salt Lake City, Utah? I traded negatives with him for almost 30 years; he took many foreign steam, diesel and electric pix.—Richard Biermann, 289 Church St., San Francisco, Calif. 94114.

I am writing a book on the Boston & Maine and need any pre-1890 info. on the road or its predecessors. Full credit will be given for any material used; photos will be properly credited and returned.—Jim Crimmins, 5 Bonnie Drive, Exeter, N.H. 03833.

I need to know names and addresses of any parts' suppliers for steam locomotives. I want to hear from any former Transportation Corps steam railroaders and anyone with pix of Transportation Corps steam locos.—Pfc. James Bogener, Co. B, 714th, TBROS & DE, Ft. Eustis, Va. 23604.

History of the Colusa & Lake County RR. of California, which serviced mines in the area, is sought by Bill Shippen, 220 W. 6th Ave., Chico, Calif. 95926. Was it standard- or narrow-gage?

I wish to thank the correspondents who answered my query about single-point switches; replies came from coast to coast and Canada.—A. D. Slater, 22 Viola, Euclid Beach Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.

The following verses are from a poem I would like to have in its entirety. It is titled "The Crew that Never Returned":

"Only one more trip," said a gay conductor as he kissed his fond young wife;
Said, "I've stole enough money from this L&N Comp'ny to maintain us all through life."
"Only one more trip," said a tired old flagman as he tumbled out of bed;
Said, "The pay car's a-comin' and we'll all get our money—and we'll paint ol' Corbin red!"

The poem laments the fate of a mythical L&N Cumberland Valley Division train crew who leave Corbin, Ky., for a trip to Norton, Va., and never return. Sung to the tune of "The Ship that Never Returned," this sad ballad was popular long ago in the Kentucky mountains.—Greg Whitaker, 135 S. Highland Ave., Winter Garden, Fla. 32787.

Info. and photos of the Wood River Jct., Warwick Ry., Narragansett Pier, and Moshassuc Valley RR. are needed by Roland B. Peloquin, Town Farm Rd., Coventry, R.I. 02816. Roland is working on a shortline book of Rhode Island railways.

Info. on East Tennessee & Western North Carolina 2-8-0 (pictured in our Aug. issue) comes from Jay T. Thomson, 123 Cedar St., Maryville, Tenn. 37801. He says the engine now belongs to the Southern Railway again, having been traded with a sister loco for two RS-3's, ex-Central of Georgia Nos. 108 and 109.

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SNOWSLIDE by John Norwood

I HEARD a loud-mouthed ham brass-pounder describing what a fireman was. He said a fireman was a mental midget with a pointed head, a hero worshipper for some engine driver, who was always talking to a beanery queen or trying to figure his time. Now, that ain't altogether true.

I consider myself a pretty good fireboy, and after I had listened to that brass-pounder I went to the washroom and gazed in the looking glass. My head wasn't pointed—it just seemed that way. And why shouldn't I admire the guy on the right side of the cab—he could cuss louder and argue longer than anyone on the division. As for the beanery queen, why the first lesson a good rail learns is how to make life interesting for the opposite sex. When it comes to figuring time, by golly, I spent three years in my last grade, the fourth. And I can't see why my figures aren't as good as the timekeeper's.

Anyway, I'm in the beanery hid out in a corner booth when that friendless character, the caller, finds me. I don't want the call, but I'm caught. Don't matter much anyway, what with the hashhouse honey mad at me. Nothing serious. I just remarked, trying to be nice and complimentary, that her upperstructure was as pretty as the twin domes on a fresh painted 4-6-2. Of course, she knows what a 4-6-2 is. Her daddy pulls the throttle on one of them.

Well, I accepted the summons and make my *X* in the callbook, then go over and rub the smoky frost off the beanery window. Outside, little snow-devils are whipping across the flats east of the roundhouse. The sky is a sullen moist color that spells trouble, while you couldn't tell the low-hanging clouds apart from the high-priced coal smoke that engine watchmen are rolling out of the stacks of two Mikados they are getting ready to handle Number 116.

The lead engine has a pilot plow on her, so I tell the twin-domed gal to pack me a thousand-miler—meaning a lot of grub—while I go for my oilskins and long-handled drawers. Snow a-blowing and more coming with a plow engine to feed black diamonds to, I know I'm going to be hungry and get wet and cold.

AROUND call time I mosey down to the shanty and the reports I hear from the top of the Knob make me feel worse. It has been blowing, thawing and snowing all day up on top and the overhangs are starting to break off the north hill sides east of Osier. I look at the board and see our helper is called to doublehead all the way through with us. That's fine and the two guys handling the second Mike are okay to ride the iron with.

We leave the go-out track and back onto the varnish. My fellow fireman hands me the flimsies to check, but all them fancy curlicues that the telegraph office calls writing don't spell nothing to me. I put them on the clip board and hang them handy for the air-wizard. He catches the highball and jerks the whistle string twice.

It's so muggy that, even with the wind blowing, the feathers above the whistle settle back dejectedly and roll to the open cab windows. Things don't look good to me and my boiled-beef-and-dumpling dinner is heavy as a driving brass to my innards.

The Mikes start rolling and I check my water. The glass is high but the clouds are low. I check my fire and it's clean to the corners, so I sprinkle a few scoopsful on the red coals and crack the grates just a bit to let the rough track east of town shake things down. I turn on the blower just a hair and the old black smoke falls right back around the boiler jacket. I don't like the looks of the situation at all.

The Mikes beat a fast tattoo while crossing the river, and the bridge girders echo the double exhaust beat. The howling southwest wind gets a clean sweep at the stacks and lays a smoke screen straight out to the lee side. But it don't last long after we belly up one four percent that loops and spirals to the top of the Knob.

And before we go into the shadow of the San Juan Range, the low-sinking sun breaks through the clouds and takes one last shot at the white peaks. The wind sets up a steady drone.

We're using glass after glass of water, so at the halfway post at Cresco tank we stop for a refill. The wind is down to a soft steady gait that is almost a chinook. The sun outlines the saw-toothed ridges—snow-blanketed and

The spit-and-polish car came up reluctantly, just enough to be twisted across the rails onto the edge of the slide.

lonely. Snow looks pretty only on Christmas cards. Ask any steam railroader if that ain't so.

Over to the east, stars were beginning to show up in the cold winter sky. Clearing skies in the east meant the bottom was dropping out of the thermometer over there. Things looked as unpredictable as a high-wheeler pulling drag freight on a stiff grade covered with sleet.

At Cumbres, plumb on top of the world, a chinook met the cold wave and started playing with the snow. Drifts that had been thawing all day began to settle. There were cracklings like a string of Chinese fireworks, growing louder as whole acres of crust cracked.

The wind ain't doing much while the car toad is giving the varnish the once-over. But snow don't always need a lot of wind to get the wanderlust.

Each feathery flake and icy crystal woke up, laced on walking shoes and started creeping over the settling crust. Just a smoke of snow crystals creeping, but they kept coming and coming to fill the trench dug by the rotary plow. And they piled up crystal by crystal until they lay deep in the cinder-speckled ditch left by the whirling snow fan.

The car knocker lifts the blue flag, and two plumes float up from our whistle to carry our prayers to the snow god. Before we are out of sight of the east switch at Cumbres, the snow banks are so high you can't see over them. It's like running down a long, crooked, white-plastered hall with a ceiling of gold-flecked black above you. The exhaust echo from ice-coated surfaces and the usual click of wheels on joints is muffled in the carpet of drifted snow. You're all alone except for the guy at the throttle and the lights over the water glass and gages.

It's so quiet at times between the white walls that you think you've got a high green into Nowhere and are firing the Ghost Run to the Milky Way.

THERE's a pile of tired wandering snow down in the cut at milepost 330, resting there in the windless calm between the white vertical walls. It's a favorite resting place. You can always depend on a big drift being there. My cabmate gives the varnish a little squirt of wind—just enough to kind of bunch the whole string together. Then he opens her up quick and the wedge plow on our head end slams into the tired, sleepy snow babies, scattering them every which way. Some get over the top of the white walls, but more roll back under the coaches.

For a long minute it felt like we were going to spend the night at milepost 330, digging out. But with a last choked-off exhaust and slip of drivers we tore loose.

Then it's a wind-swept, almost clear rail and good going to MP 322. The little traveling chunks of ice were whistling across the frozen loneliness and dropping over the edge of the rotary trough walls to come to rest against my outside cheek and in my eyebrows. They kept seeping through the cracks in the storm curtains and the deck got plenty slippery.

At 322 a few slips fell off the face of Slanting Rock. They've come down in chunks, so the iron wedge slices them to pieces and throws the pieces up and out of the trench like popcorn exploding in an open pan. We're under the clear winter night sky now and the cold has sucked all the heat out of the southwester.

It's cold. Not the cold like the 52 below we had a couple of years ago, but plenty cold enough to make the steel underframes creak on the curves, and the rails sing when the wheels touch them. Just cold enough your ears and cheeks freeze and you don't know it's happening. I was glad to get by MP 322 and start onto the shelf east of Osier. The worst we could expect

for the next few miles was a rock or a small slide. My breathing came easier but I still didn't have any appetite for the thousand-miler waiting in my keister.

Both hogs were drifting now. We're in high gear for the next place we can start looking for trouble, which is over around the Rock Tunnel.

The hole in the mountain when we get to it is a black mark on a field of white going in, smoky and warm all the way through. Coming out, we're under bright winter night lit up by the blue cold. The stars were a million glittering slivers of ice. A big white moon made black shadows of the pines and balsam against the snow.

Brigham's Monument stood erect and clear off to the left, just west of Calico Cuts. The cuts themselves had shed their burden of snow and a sheet of glare ice on them drew the light of the moon like a magnet.

At the east end of the cuts there's a bare gravel and rock slope, reaching at a steep angle hundreds of feet from the rail to the top without a bit of shrubbery growing on it. The top is crowned by a picket fence of sharp pointed spruce trees, each outlined against the face of the moon.

I'm leaning out the open cab window admiring the clear-cut black and white picture when I feel something. A ripple shows across the face of the white wall just below the line of black trees on the rim. Then a few snowballs break loose where the ripple is growing. They start making crooked lines that grow wider and wider as the rolling snowballs pick up more snow in their descent. It's a slide, and we're wheeling too fast to stop before it covers the iron!

Nothing left to do but to try to beat the slow-moving river of snow and ice to the crossing, so I duck my head around and yell, "Widen on her!"

The Mike comes out of it like a spur-pricked bronc, while I slam the windows shut and get ready to be covered up if we don't make it. Then I hurry over on the driver's side and hang out the gangway to see what's going on behind us. The tank of our engine clears the trough of the slide's path. The second engine clears—then the mail car—and the baggage car starts by the danger point.

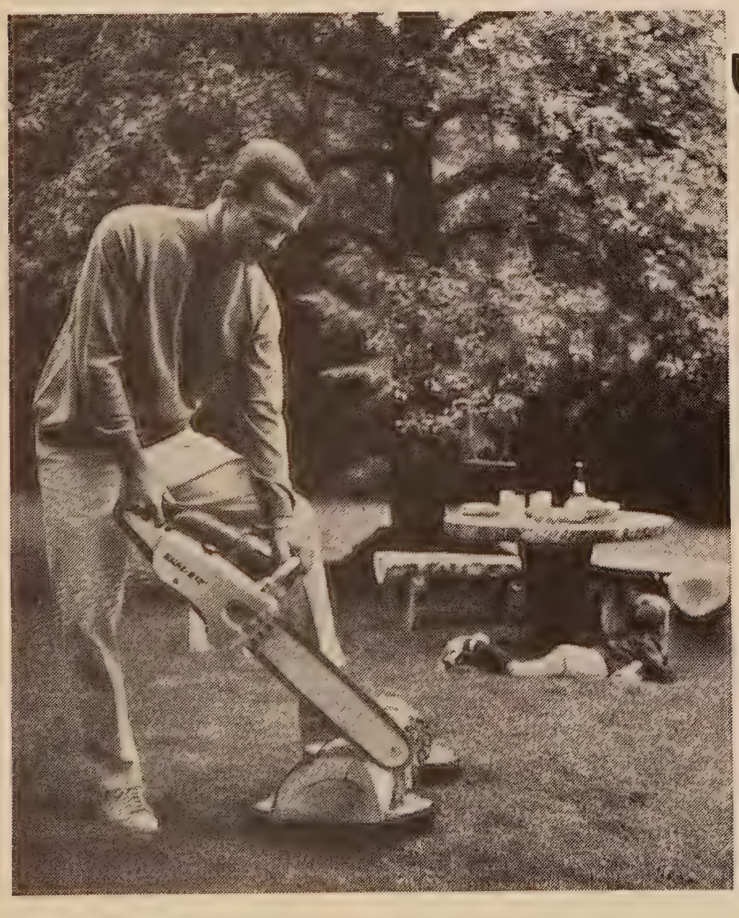
And almost makes it, but not quite.

A low wave of snow hits the rear trucks. There's a jolt and our speed falls off to about nothing. Sixteen drivers start spinning and tearing fire out of the iron. And the baggage car tears loose from the growing slide. Now the coaches are coming into the tumbling river of snow.

The front trucks of the head coach bore into the front of the slide; then the slide, like a maddened bull, gets its horns under the car body and gives a heave. The coach up-ends and its knuckles slide apart—the train line, then the steam heat line, break connections. The bulky, unwieldy coach pirouettes on the rear trucks as gracefully as a high-school horse coming up in the air for the finale, then as slowly comes down on the bosom of the unslowing river of snow.

An icy floor cascades over the brink of the roadbed and down the face of the canyon wall. On the crest of the living white torrent of snow, the coach and its passengers are borne, twisting and struggling, down the almost vertical pitch in a mad race toward the canyon floor. The light connections are torn loose when the coach upends and the windows all go dark.

The broken trainline big-holes the mail and baggage cars and the two Mikes. Brake iron bites into steel wheels and we stop—but quick.



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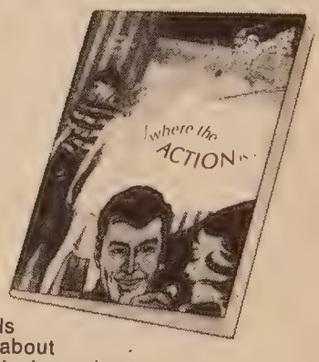

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NUMBER TWO coach, with the observation car behind it, is still rolling into the path of the slide. The coupling is broken between the first and second coaches as the first one rears up in the air. The head trucks of the second coach plow into the slide and get the same treatment as the head car.

There's another thrust and heave by the horns of the still raging beast and coach number two rears and spins. It's like a playback in slow motion, except that this car comes down faster and goes over the brink of the falls with a spurt. And the two pieces of varnish, pride of the Passenger Department, go tobogganing down the canyon wall!

Then it's the parlor car's turn to challenge the mighty avalanche. The same action starts, but the horn thrust is too slow or is tiring. The spit-and-polish car comes up reluctantly, just enough to be twisted across the rails and onto the edge of the slide. About fifty feet down the face of the cliff a great jagged boulder is splitting the floor of snow—that's where the parlor car hangs up.

There's a grinding crash when the deluxe equipment strikes the hunk of granite. The steam is whistling out of the broken steam heat line. My hogger reaches unconsciously behind him and shuts it off—then there's nothing but silence.

Below us, the hotly contested toboggan race between the two slithering coaches continues. Neck and neck they speed, neither losing or gaining an inch. The slide has run its course and is starting to pile up in the bottom of the canyon. The two black oblongs of wood and steel racers, with their cargo of scared people, react to the slowing of the torrent they're riding and go into a tack toward the edge of the slide where some small aspen trees and jack pines have been left standing.

In the wake of the coaches there was a dirty scar where the weight of the cars was cutting through the snow and down to bare rock. But the rock offered more resistance than the snow, and the pile of debris ahead of each car was growing. Pretty soon the weight of the cars couldn't push the burden any farther.

The suicidal race down the canyon wall was finished. I hope I never watch another like it.

A few tumbling rocks and tardy chunks of snow crashed into the rear of the cars and stillness came down again. The unheeding stars were shimmering in the blue black sky. Somewhere on a lonesome skyline a coyote wailed his lament to the moon.

I don't know how long it took those two coaches to slide and careen down that 300 feet of canyon wall—couldn't have been more than a minute. And there they lay, still and dark, frowsy with three trunks and gaunt limbs gathered ahead of them. At some point during the race both had turned on their sides.

By this time both engine crews are off the engines: the mail and baggage boys are out of their cars, and together we headed for the path of the slide to find a trail down to the parlor car and coaches. No one said a word. I guess the same thought was in each mind. I was thinking we'd find nothing but dead ones in those three pieces of varnish. Well, we were wrong.

Before we got all the way to the parlor car we could hear some guy yelling loud and scared. He didn't have a scratch. The porter had several cuts around the legs—bloody but just skin deep. None of the other plush seat riders had anything more serious than bruises. We got them out under their own power and headed them toward the baggage car in charge of the porter and told them to stay in where it was warm.

Then we headed on down hill to the coaches. Before we got there, we heard window glass breaking and the god-awfulest hollering going on.

WHEN the papers wrote the story up, they said the passengers displayed marvelous courage and there were no hysterics. Maybe I don't know what hysterics are, but there was one helluva lot of yelling, laughing, and giggling. Before we reached the coaches, we saw men, women, and kids crawling out of windows and broken doors.

The whole kit and kaboodle should have been dead, but the only real injury was some cracked ribs the Irish brakie got. Yeah, a small aspen speared through the wall of the coach, glanced off his ribs, crushing a few as it passed.

We're standing there, getting organized to help the first bunch to the top, when we hear an engine whistle at Osier. The Irishman starts shinnying up that slope like it's level ground. You can't beat habit and experience. Damned if he don't have a fusee in his hand as he climbs the icy, rocky slope. God knows where it came from, I don't. But it sure looked pretty back up the track when he cracks the cap on it.

We see a light engine and when the hogger acknowledged the flag her whistle blast tore another slide loose. That one has rocks mixed in it. However, this slide's timing is bad, and the Irisher hears it coming in time to get out of the way. The light engine gets stopped back of it. Only harm done is we're cut off from help from the west, so any relief train will have to come the long way from the east.

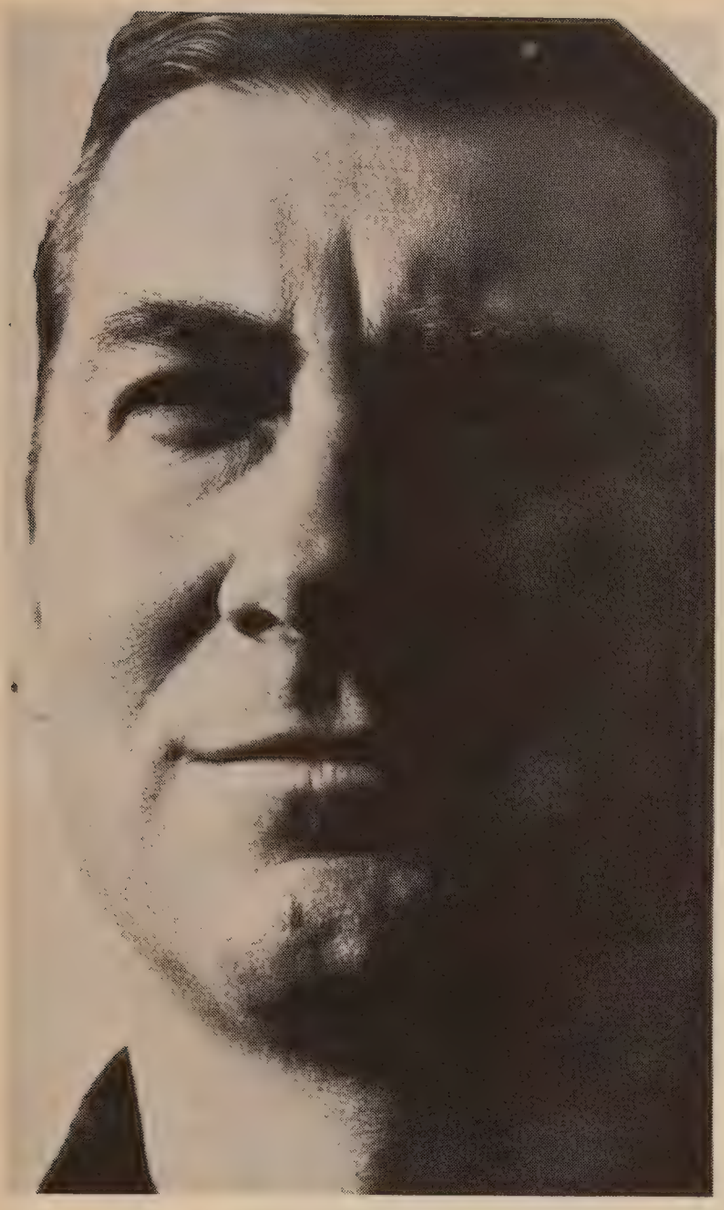
That's about it. Me and my running mate cut off the lead engine and go a couple miles down the track to a phone booth and report in. Had a helluva time getting it into the lightning slinger's skull what was wrong. Everytime I'd say, "They're in the gorge," he'd butt in and want to know how many was dead and how come I was still alive. Then he insists I copy an order annulling our schedule.

Hell, we weren't going any place; but to quiet him down I finally copied the order on the cold air and repeated it back to him as well as I could remember what he said. He gives me a "complete" time and asks me again if I understand we can't go anywhere until he sends more orders to us. I say okay, sure, we're not going anywhere, but hurry up and get some food and coffee and a doctor coming. He says just to keep my pants buttoned up—that they're practically on the road already.

So we take the engine and go back. While we're gone, the crew off the light engine and our guys have rigged up a rope from bell cord and odds and ends from the baggage car. The first passengers from the coaches are just crawling over the top and onto the right-of-way. Down below, the porter and the light engine crew are carrying the injured brakeman as carefully as possible up the slope.

We get all the passengers in the baggage car where there's a fire going in the emergency stove. Well, a couple hours later the relief train whistles down about Toltec and not much later inches up to where we are. The Irisher is moved up to the car where the doctor is rigged up for business, then we go back to carry the injured brakie up for temporary repairs.

What I hear when we get to the baggage car makes me feel fine—I know things are back to normal. That Irishman is bellering, "Damn it, doc; your scissors are dull! Get a sharp pair!" ●



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HAVING been employed many years by the Lima Locomotive Works, I can tell you something about them. From the early 1900's to 1932 they were represented in Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Montana, and northern California by Hofius Steel & Equipment Co. of Seattle, and in the Southwest by Norman B. Livermore & Co. of San Francisco, and in western Canada by Tyee Machinery Co., Ltd., of Vancouver, B.C. Those agents handled sales of new Shay locomotives and repair parts, almost entirely for the logging industry.

Lima maintained a full stock of Shay parts in their Seattle warehouse. Hofius filled all orders for parts except in the Southwestern area. In 1926, however, Lima officials learned that apparently not all orders were filled from their stock of parts but some were being fabricated locally in Seattle and sold to the loggers as Lima parts. So H. C. Hammack was sent out from Lima, Ohio, and given an office on the Hofius premises to keep an eagle eye on orders. In July, 1926, he hired me as his assistant. It was my first job after getting out of school.

Around that time also, Lima transferred their best salesman, G. Bruce Kittle, to Seattle to assist in selling Shays. He had been with Lima since 1885 and stayed with them until his retirement and death in 1939. Mr. Hammack likewise had gone to work for Lima in about 1885. It was his first, last, and only job, from which he retired in 1947. Both Hammack and Kittle had known Ephraim Shay personally and were well informed on the locomotive business he founded. So I had adequate teachers on my job.

The 1926-'32 period was the high point for Shays and other geared—and rod—locomotives in the logging industry. Our Sales Department (Hammack, Kittle, and myself) worked directly under the company's president, John E. Dixon, New York City, in cooperation with our Service Department. Three service engineers, W. L. Belford, Charles Strahm, and C. C. Ring, were out on the road full time assisting the loggers in their mechanical and operational problems.

In 1932, the Depression cut so heavily into business that Lima had to let me go, retaining Hammack and Kittle in the Sales Department and cutting back the Service Department to one engineer. At that time also, Hofius ceased to represent us. So Hammack and Kittle, with my help on a temporary basis, moved the stock of Shay parts to a new office and warehouse at 1932 First Ave. South, Seattle, and took over the supply of parts direct with the customers, although Tyee Machinery remained as Canadian agent until the end in 1949.

Later, I moved to Indio, Calif.; but by 1938 the locomotive business had picked up to such an extent that Hammack brought me back to Seattle, and I worked for Lima with him again until he retired in 1947. I then inherited his job, which I held until August, 1949.

By that time, however, Lima's star was fading. Diesel-electrics were replacing steam while logging railroads had given way to tricks. Lima held on to steam until they merged with General Machinery Co. of Hamilton, Ohio, forming the Lima-Hamilton Corp. This enable them to use Hamilton diesel engines for building the new motive power. Eventually, the Hamilton people acquired control and eliminated and word *steam* from their vocabulary, although several steam locomotives were built with the Lima-Hamilton nameplate. They sent a representative to Seattle to terminate my services, close the Seattle office, and dispose of the stock of Shay parts.

Ephraim Shay, the locomotive builder.

The ultimate outcome, as you know, is the present Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corp.

Mr. Dixon, the Lima president under whom I worked, had an office at 60 E. 42nd St., New York City, very near to the present *Railroad Magazine* office. During my years of employment I went to various logging operations to photograph Shays in service, and Lima used several of my photos in their advertising. Some of mine appear in Dan Ranger's book, *Pacific Coast Shay—Strong Man of the Woods*. Others will be published soon in Michael Koch's forthcoming book on Shays.

Had I known about railfans in 1949, I would have taken with me from Lima's files numerous letters, pamphlets, catalogs, and other items which are much in demand now. But I did help Bob Crandall to write an article about the logging railroad of Rayonier, Inc., which came out in the Oct. '59 *Railroad Magazine*.

In 1957 I bought a *Pacific Fast Mail* model of a 3-truck Shay, HO gage, as a souvenir. That Christmas my son gave me a power pack and some track. So I built a mountain logging railroad with switchbacks. Besides the mountain on its own table, I have a double track around two sides of my basement. I also have a 3-truck Climax, an 0-6-0 Porter, and a 2-6-6-2 Mallet. The Shay and the Mallet have log trains, the Porter a short string of boxcars, the Climax a work train.—Ted Satra, 801 Dayton Ave. N., Seattle, Wash. 98103.

One of the photos Ted Satra made showing Shay operation in lumber industry.

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One night some cattle, owned by Mr. Bredt, a farmer in Moulton township, wandered onto the track and a train killed them. Bredt claimed damages from the railway and won a monetary settlement verdict in the courts. However, the company ignored the court order to pay up and, in desperation, Bredt took his troubles to J. C. Currie, a member of the Canadian Parliament.

The member for Welland was a good lawyer, a keen politician and a man who recognized opportunity. He asked, "Have you got a logging chain?"

"Sure," replied Bredt.

"Bring it in Monday morning and I'll get your money for you."

So Bredt with his logging chain met Currie and Sheriff Robert Hobson in Welland, the sheriff being armed with a legal document, and the trio proceeded to the railway station a mile south from the center of the town.

When the westbound express from Buffalo pulled into the station Sheriff Hobson wound the logging chain around the driving wheels of the engine, padlocked it, and read the document to the conductor and the engineer. The train could not move; it was in the custody of the law. The train crew was angry, the passengers were indignant, and the telegraph line was hot with messages from the local station to the head office in St. Thomas. The Canada Southern officials were on the spot. They decided they'd have to pay the claim, but how? This was a day before the advent of the telephone or local banks. The train crew could not raise the money in Welland. How could they pay?

While the officials worried, the passengers on the seized train fretted and fumed at the delay and grew hungry as the hours passed. Eventually it was agreed to release the locomotive but hold the train while the engine ran up to St. Thomas to get the money.

Hours later the engine returned with the dough, the sheriff paid off Bredt, the train went on its way, and Currie won the next election. ●

MY FIRST run as a news butcher was in North Carolina on a Southern Railway train which left Asheville for Morristown at 6 a.m. All went well until we took the siding at Hot Springs. I was on the observation car watching some passengers buy little sacks of fresh blueberries from barefooted children when suddenly I heard afar off the whistle of Mike O'Connor's engine. I quickly left my train and crossed the adjoining tracks to the depot platform, where I could get a close view of my boyhood hero whipping the *Carolina Special* southward.

To cap it all, Mike's whistle had a sound unlike any other whistle I've ever heard. It was harmonious. I believe it had three blended tones. The old whistle neither shrilled, trilled, screeched, nor screamed. Rather, it had a low moaning sound.

Coming from behind my train, I heard the tracks crackling and saw the rails riding up and down on the crossties. Anyway, I stepped out onto those tracks, and there, bearing down on me like a towering wall of steel only yards away, was the front of a large engine.

A chance in a million, I knew, as I dived for my life over to the station platform. Later, onlookers said the cowcatcher missed me by inches!

I turned over and looked up. High above me, framed in his window, Mike O'Connor stared at me. His face never changed its cold expression. Then he was gone, around a bend and one by one the coaches hurtled by.—Harrison Elliot in *The Inman* (S.C.) *Times.* ●

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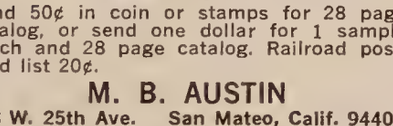
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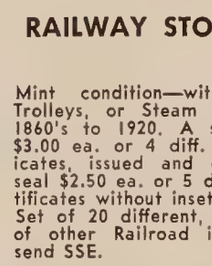

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SHORTLINES OF VERMONT

Locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Sept. 6, 1970: Green Mountain Railroad's memorial train for F. Nelson Blount runs through Bartonsville, Vt. Steamer is named *F. Nelson Blount*, No. 1246.
Photograph by Edwill T. Brown

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Bldr's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Central Vermont Railway									
GR-12c	1500, 1502	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	36,000	248,380	1955	1, 2
MR-18a	3609-3614	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	53,000	226,790	1956	2, 3
MRG-16c	3900-3901	1600	Alco	RS-3	B-B	46,000	249,270	1954	2, 4
GR-17j	4547-4557	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	44,000	244,940	1957	2, 5
GRG-17k	4923-4927	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	44,000	251,540	1957	2
GRG-17s	4928-4929	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	44,000	251,080	1957	2
MS-10d	8027	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	34,000	229,700	1953	2, 8
MS-10j	8080-8081	1000	Alco	S4	B-B	34,000	232,190	1955	2
MS-10a	8093-8095	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	34,000	230,000	1941	2, 6
MS-10b	8162	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	34,000	229,700	1951	2, 7 8
Clarendon & Pittsford Railroad									
———	10-11	398	Whitcomb	50 DE-30A	B-B	25,000	100,000	1945	
———	500	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	23,600	137,600	1951	9
Green Mountain Railroad									
E-10a	89	———	CLC	———	2-6-0	23,600	141,800	1910	10
DS-3	302	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,420	231,400	1948	11
DS-4a	303	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	69,420	231,400	1950	11
DS-4b	305	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	69,420	231,400	1950	11
DRS-1	405	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,000	242,400	1951	12
K-1a	1246	———	MLW	———	4-6-2	34,000	231,000	1946	13
K-1b	1293	———	CLC	———	4-6-2	34,000	231,000	1948	14
Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington Railroad									
———	15	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1943	15
———	16	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1942	16
———	18	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1940	17
———	23	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1946	18
Montpelier & Barre Railroad									
———	19	660	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1949	19
———	20	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1948	20
———	21	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1947	21
———	22	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1947	22
———	23	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1946	18
———	24	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1951	23
———	25	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	?	?	1944	24
———	26	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	?	?	1944	25
———	27-28	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	?	?	1939	26
———	29	600	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	?	?	1949	29
———	30 (1st)	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1941	27
———	30 (2nd)	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1949	28
Quebec Central Railway (owns no locomotives)									
St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County Railroad									
———	46-48	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1948	20, 30
———	49	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1948	31
———	50	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1949	19
———	51	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1951	

Notes on Vermont Shortlines

Roster is based on data from GT's Gen. Supt. Equip., DW&P's Master Mechanic and Gen. Car Foreman; CV's Gen. Supt. Equip., C&P's President, GM's Pres. and Gen. Supt., and ST's Supt. Accurate as of second quarter, 1970. In our rosters, a shortline is a common carrier listed in Official Guide, Pocket List of RR Officials, or both, with a route length less than 400 miles. Locomotive builders: GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; Alco Pr., Alco Products; Alco, American Locomotive Co.; GE, General Electric Co.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; CLC, Canadian Locomotive Co.; MLW, Montreal Locomotive Works.

(1) CV 1500, 1502 were originally Grand Trunk Western 1505, 1507; then GTW 1200, 1202 (1956); then GTW 1500, 1502 (1957); then CV 1500, 1502 (1963); then transferred to GTW (1968) but not restencilled GTW.

(2) All CV locos are leased from Canadian National except CV 8093-8095, leased from GTW.

(3) CV 3609-3614 were originally Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific 3609-3614; then CV 3609-3614 (1967); then DW&P 3609-3614 (1968).

(4) CV 3900-3901 were originally CV 1859-1860; then CV 3900-3901 (4/1/57); then CN 3900-3901 (1/2/58). CN 3901 was retired 8/68.

(5) CV 4552-4557 transferred to GTW (1965). 4553 and 4556 restencilled GTW.

(6) CV 8093 was originally GTW 7917; then CV 7917 (10/48); then CV 8093 (4/1/57); then GTW 8093 (1967). CV 8094-8095 were originally CV 7918-7919; then CV 8094-8095 (4/1/57). CV 8094-8095 transferred to GAW (1967, '68), but not restencilled GTW.

(7) CV 8162 was originally CV 8015, then CV 8162 (4/1/57).

(8) CV 8027, 8162 transferred to GTW but not stencilled GTW.

(9) C&P 500 was originally Rutland 500, then C&P 500 (8/62).

(10) GM 89 was originally Grand Trunk 1017, then GT 1009, then CN 911, then CN 89, then F. Nelson Blount 89 (9/21/61), then GM 89 (4/1/65).

(11) GM 302-303, 305 were originally Delaware & Hudson 3026, 3036, 3050; then GM 302 (10/24/69), 303 (3/11/66), 305 (10/24/69). 302 is not in service; 303 rebuilt by GM (1967); GM is overhauling 305.

(12) GM 405 was originally RUT 405, then GM 405 (6/14/65).

(13) GM 1246 was originally Canadian Pacific 1246, then F. Nelson Blount 1246 (12/31/63), then GM 1246 (6/15/67).

(14) GM 1293 was originally CP 1293, then F. Nelson Blount 1293 (12/31/63), then GM 1293 (4/1/65).

(15) HT&W 15 was originally Denvre & Rio Grande Western 43, then HT&W 15, then Saratoga & Schuylerville 15, then Claremont & Concord 15, then Raymond International series 4401-4404, then Robur A.G. ?.

(16) HT&W 16 was originally D&RGW 39, then S&E 14 (1st), then HT&W 16.

(17) HTW 18 was originally Boston & Maine 112, then HT&W 18 (11/60), then C&C 18.

(18) HT&W 23 was originally S&S 11, then C&C 11 (11/54), then Montpelier & Barre 23, then HT&W 23, then South Brooklyn 13 (11/60), then New York City Transit Authority 20009 (1962), then SBK 13 (1966).

(19) M&B 19 was originally SJ&LC 50, then M&B 19.

(20) M&B 20 was originally B&C 15, then M&B 20.

(21) M&B 21 was originally B&C 12, then M&B 21.

(22) M&B 22 was originally B&C 14, then M&B 22.

(23) M&B 24 was originally Greenville & Northern 75, then M&B 24, then G&N 75 (11/60).

(24) M&B 25 was originally B&M 1164, then M&B 25.

(25) M&B 26 was originally B&M 1163, then M&B 26.

(26) M&B 27-28 were originally B&M 1109-1110, then M&B 27-28. B&M 1111 also was brought for parts.

(27) M&B 30 (1st) was originally B&M 115, then M&B 30 (1st), then Raymond International 4401-4404 series, then Robur A.G. ?.

(28) M&B 30 (2nd) was originally Norfolk Southern 702, then Birmingham Rail & Locomotive 702, then M&B 30 (2nd).
54 (7/58).
M&B 29.

(30) SJ&LC 47 was leased from B&C.

(31) SJ&LC 49 renumbered 55 (2nd) (4/63); no longer on roster.

(32) SJ&LC 52 was originally B&C 13, then SJ&LC 52 (1956); rebuilt in 1956.

(33) SJ&LC 53 was originally Mississippi Export 48, then SJ&LC 53 (7/58), then Hydro Electric Power Co. of Ontario 53 (7/60), then George R. Silcott 53, then East Erie Commercial 20 (2/67).

(34) SJ&LC 54 was originally ME 50, then SJ&LC 54 (7/58).

(35) SJ&LC 55 (1st) was originally Unadilla Valley 200, then SJ&LC 55 (1st); never renumbered or used; on longer on roster.

(36) SJ&LC 55 (3rd) was originally Lakeside & Marblehead 11, then American Car & Foundry 5346 (1952), then Luria Bros.-Lipsett Industrial Div. 5346 (4/63), then SJ&LC 55 (3rd).

(37) SJ&LC 56 was originally Carnegie-Illinois Steel 5, then C-IS, then SJ&LC 56 (1956), then sold to Lipsett Corp. (4/66) and scrapped.

(38) SJ&LC 200-201 weer originally New York Central 5960, 6056, then NYC 7360, 7456, then Precision Engineering 7360, 7456, then SJ&LC 200-201.

(39) SJ&LC 202 was originally Reading 523, then

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No. 9340 heads a Central Vermont train a mile south of East Northfield, Mass.

Photograph by David Plowden

———	52	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1947	32
———	53	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1951	33
———	54	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1953	34
———	55 (1st)	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1947	35
———	55 (2nd)	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1948	31
———	55 (3rd)	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1949	36
———	56	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1943	37
———	200	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	61,750	247,000	1956	38
———	201	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	61,750	247,000	1957	38
———	202	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,385	249,540	1951	39
———	203	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,475	249,900	1953	40

Springfield Terminal Railway

———	1	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,400	88,000	1941	41

Vermont Railway

———	1	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1946	42
———	5	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	49,500	199,500	1940	43
———	10	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1948	44
———	250	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	60,600	242,400	1947	45
———	401	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	60,600	242,400	1951	46
———	402-403	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	60,600	242,400	1951	46
———	404	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	60,600	242,400	1946	47
———	501	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	64,330	257,330	1966	45
———	601	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	56,500	240,000	1951	48

Geo. R. Silcott 523, then SJ&LC 202 (1968).

(40) SJ&LC 203 was originally Great Northern 229, then Geo. R. Silcott 226; leased to Lake Superior & Ishpeming, then sold to SJ&LC, renumbered 203.

(41) ST 1 was originally San Francisco & Napa Valley 40, then Sacramento Northern 40, then SN 141, then GE 141 (6/56), then ST 1 (10/56). Rebuilt by GE during their ownership.

(42) Vermont 1 was originally Middletown & Unionville 1, then Middletown & N.J. 1 (1947, then Vermont 1, then M&NJ 1 (11/63).

(43) Vermont 5 was originally Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 433, then Erie Lackawanna 355, Vermont 5 (1965); sold 10/66 to Andrew Merrillees.

(44) Vermont 10 was originally PRR 9334, then Vermont 10 (1964), then Geo. R. Silcott 10, then Livonia, Avon & Lakeville 10 (5/65).

(45) Vermont 250 was originally New York, Susquehanna & Western 250; then Vermont 250 (11/65); traded to GM-EMD (9/66) for Vermont 501.

(46) Vermont 401-403 were originally RUT 401-403, then Vermont 401-403 (1/64). Vermont 401 was sold to Consumers Power Co. (1/67), given no number.

(47) Vermont 404 was originally Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic 102, then Soo Line 102, then GE 102 (11/67), then Vermont 404 (3/67).

(48) Vermont 601 was originally Lehigh & Hudson River 12, then Vermont 601 (1/70). ●

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Here are the facts: With a little ambition and energy and less than $1000 cash you can start your own Duraclean business *in your spare time*, without risking your present job or paycheck! This is a nationally known and accepted business, but one that does not require special skills, more than average education, or any traits except ambition, and the willingness to work hard to gross as much as $9.00 an hour for the service you render.

What is this business that offers so much opportunity for so little? It is a service by which YOU supply the public—homeowners as well as offices and stores and shops—a new and improved method of cleaning carpets and upholstered furniture right on the customer's premises—THE EXCLUSIVE DURACLEAN SYSTEM!

If you have ever had your own carpet or furniture cleaned, you know that the ordinary methods soak the carpets with water and detergents, then grind the fibers with harsh machine scrubbing, leaving the carpet soggy for days.

The exclusive DURACLEAN ABSORPTION PROCESS lifts out dirt and greasy soil with a gentle, almost dry foam. Laboratory tests show that it removes twice as much dirt as any other method and restores the resiliency of the carpet fibers. Because there is no soaking, carpets and furniture can be used again in a few hours! This is vitally important to stores, shops, offices and motels.

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As a DURACLEAN Dealer you are the sole owner of an independent business and your own boss. You keep all the net profits for yourself. However, the franchise we supply gives you instant recognition in your area. You operate under a nationally known name—use an exclusive process recommended by the nation's biggest carpet manufacturers and commended by Parents Magazine. You get thorough training BEFORE YOU BEGIN and, as you progress, you receive guidance and help from Duraclean International.

Your training shows you how to perform the cleaning service—plus five other services which bring extra profits. You also are trained in all phases of running your business, including how to get customers, how to control your expenses, and how to make the maximum profit. From your first job, you can expect to gross $9.00 for each hour of service you do personally! If you hire service men at $3.00 an hour to help you, you can have $6.00 for yourself for each hour of service they perform. (See the column at right for actual statements from other men who have accepted the Duraclean opportunity.)

Here is a business that can pay you far more per week than the average man now earns—with only the talent and ambition you now possess. Here is a business you can operate in any one of three ways—or progress from one to another. Some men operate permanently in spare time for the extra money they need. Some start in spare time and quit their jobs only after they see that they can make a lot more money than their present pay by putting in full time as a Duraclean Specialist. Still others develop the business to the point where the service work is done by hired employees while the owner makes a substantial profit on each hour an employee works. The Duraclean Business can be kept as small as you want it to be or it can be expanded to any level your ambition dictates. There is no limit on annual income for an ambitious man who will follow our proven plans.

We are about to appoint a limited number of men who are truly ambitious, and anxious to do something about their futures. We want men who are willing to follow our proven plans for success and who want—with our help—their own independent, successful businesses.

If this opportunity interests you, please send your name, on the coupon at the right, for a FREE 24 page booklet which gives complete details on the Duraclean business and shows how you can start in spare time for less than $1000. No salesman will call on you, now or ever. After you've read the facts, decide in the privacy of your own home if you wish to take the next step toward starting a business.

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"I took in $2880 in April. I worked from my home. My wife handles all telephone calls. We both enjoy our new-found independence and the compliments we get from satisfied customers." **J. F. A. Texas**

"In our first calendar year we did a gross of $40,000. Without constant help from the Duraclean home office such growth would not have been possible." **M. L., Illinois**

"Duraclean brought security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3000 on a single job." **B. B., Mass.**

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1300.00 in a single week." **J. S., Fla.**

"My biggest day was a sorority house that brought me $360.00." **H. B., Texas**

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LETTERS IN OUR FILES FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND SUCCESS AS DURACLEAN DEALERS. (IN ANOTHER YEAR YOUR STATEMENT COULD BE HERE, TOO)

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Duraclean International
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WITHOUT OBLIGATION send me the free booklet which shows me how I can start a Duraclean business in my spare time without risking my job. No salesman is to call.

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Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

SHORTLINES OF UTAH

Locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Carbon County Railway

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Bldr's Model	Wheel Arrang't	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
1201, 1202	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	74,500	248,000	1953	1

Ogden Union Railway and Depot (owns no locomotives)

Salt Lake City Union Depot and Railroad (owns no locomotives)

Salt Lake, Garfield & Western Railway

DS-1-DS-2	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,500	88,000	1942	2

Tooele Valley Railway

100	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	61,000	228,000	1955	
104	900	GM-EMD	SW900	B-B	50,760	200,000	1959	3

Utah Railway

300	1600	Alco-GE	RSD-4	C-C	90,360	360,000	1952	
301, 302	1600	Alco-GE	RSD-4	C-C	90,360	360,000	1952	
303, 304	1600	Alco-GE	RSD-4	C-C	90,360	360,000	1952	
305	1600	Alco-GE	RSD-4	C-C	90,360	360,000	1952	
306	1600	Alco	RSD-5	C-C	90,360	360,000	1955	

Notes on Utah Shortlines

These rosters are based on data from CC's Supt. of Operations, TV's President and Supt., and Utah's Supt., and are accurate of first quarter, 1970. In our rosters, a shortline is a common carrier listed in Official Guide, Pocket List of RR Officials, or both, which has route length less than 400 miles. Locomotive builders: GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; GE, General Electric Co.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; Alco, American Locomotive Co.

(1) CC 1201-1202 were originally Duluth, Missable & Iron Range 11, 14; then GM-EMD 11, 14, (5/58); then CC 1201-1202 (5/58.

(2) SLG&W DS-1 and DS-2 were originally New York, Ontario & Western 105, 101; then Hyman-Michaels 105, 101; then SLG&W DS-1 and DS-2 (1952).

(3) TV 104 was originally Pickering Lumber Co. then TV 104 (2/66).

When the engine revs up on Santa Fe's No. 2227 (vintage 1943), the firing order of the cylinders can be determined by watching smoke plumes shoot up from each of the stacks shown here.

Chris Raught, Star Rte., Box 15-B, Mesilla Park, N.M. 88047

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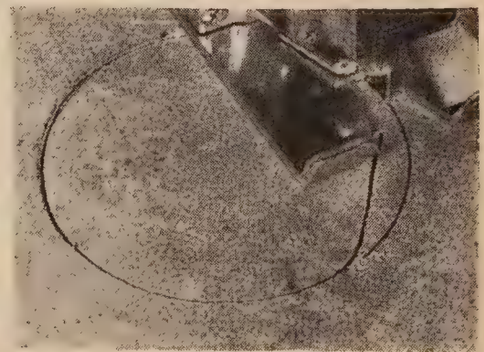

Cuts tighter circles.

TRACKSIDE IN THE DIESEL AGE

by Jim Edmonston

REJOICE, downtrodden North Jersey EL commuters! The benevolent State of New Jersey, assisted by the U.S. Department of Transportation and the Erie Lackawanna, will give you the latest General Electric motive power very soon!

An order has gone to Erie, Pa., for 23 huge U-34CH road-switchers with steam generators. These are a new model, basically a U-36C but with the steam generator, which saps 200 hp off the 3600 total, making a U-34C. The "H" stands for "heat." U-34CH is, then, a 3400-hp, six-motor, low-nose unit, newest of the line.

The 23 locos will be in gay new paint, with the EL herald on the nose and a small circular DOT emblem on the sides. Numbers will run concurrently with the EL roster, 3351-3373. Mission: to upgrade commuter service.

Speaking of GE, rumor says that in 1971 they will market the Mate, a powerless "slug" taking its power from a parent locomotive. Coupled between two U-36's, say, it would add tractive effort without more weight and would be a more flexible locomotive.

Another rumor has it that Montreal Locomotive Works, in connection with the old Alco engine plant at Auburn, N.Y. (now controlled by White Motor Co.), will introduce a new road-switcher, incorporating the new engine and assembled by Montreal. Reportedly, it will look much like the old FM H-20-44, which was a four-axle, end-cab switcher design of 2000 hp.

Our current Locomotive of the Month is the Alco FA series freight unit. These were offered from 1945 through '59 in A and B units, over three different models, three choices of horsepower, and in freight-only or dual service. Broken down, the catalog was thus: FA-1, FB-1, 1945-'50; early units were rated at 1500 hp, later ones at 1600 hp. Many roads later upgraded their FA-1's to 1600 hp. The FA-2, FB-2, 1950-'53, 1600 hp, also were offered in FPA-FPB dual-service model with steam generator; FPA-4, FPB-4, 1958-'59, 1800 hp.

This loco, with possibly the handsomest of all diesel freight cabs, has changed little in looks over the years. The first FA-1's, built for Gulf, Mobile & Ohio in 1945, were slightly different. The headlight was lower, a curved trim piece was added behind the cab, and there were rooftop number indicators.

All subsequent FA's looked the same: a big, boxy unit with a flat nose set off by a rugged grill around the headlight, small flat windshields, and a clean roofline plus a huge circular fan at the extreme rear. The difference between the models is in the rear set of radiator shutters. On the FA-1, these are at the extreme rear of the carbody, while the FA-2's shutters are set about three feet forward of the rear, which allowed for a larger steam generator. The units themselves are all the same length and basic design.

FPA models are externally indistinguishable from plain FA's, although the limited-production FPA-4 model has an extra set of radiator shutters below the normal set. FPA-4's were offered for sale in the U.S., but none were sold, and the only examples are Canadian National's 36 FPA-4's and 14 FPB-4's.

Probably less than 50 FA's are in use today. I have asked for reports on active engines, but the only ones I am sure of are those on the Spokane, Portland & Seattle. A. S. Bernoudy, Jr., who runs the Greenlawn Hobby Shop at 3201 Colorado Ave., Kenner, La., says he can't recall ever having seen an FA-2 pictured in *Railroad Magazine*. Okay, you see one of them now.

CORRECTIONS. I said in the October issue that GP-38 No. 207 (DT&I) had been wrecked and rebuilt. It wasn't. That 1969 mishap actually involved DT&I GP-35 No. 358 and Nos. 954 and 967, both GP-9's, and Ann Arbor GP-35 No. 394. The unusual thing about GP-38 No. 207 was its being delivered as No. 217 in error. Evidently EMD goofed on DT&I's numbering and delivered 207, 208, and 209 as the 217, 215, and 216 respectively. This error has been corrected, but anyone with photos of DT&I 215, 216, or 217 has a collector's item.

Penn Central is operating two DS-44-750 Baldwin switchers near Reading, Pa., that PC mistakenly classed BS-6, instead of BS-7. Mike Shreiner, 559 Burrows Ave, Lancaster, Pa., discovered this and got to the bottom of it. A directive had instructed Reading Shops to classify all of its Baldwins BS-6, although the two in question, 8380 and 8381, are classified BS-7.

Mike also updates a note I had in the September issue on PC's rebuilt Limas, the 6210-6211. Now 8062-8063, these work at 30th St. Station, Philadelphia. They are the only 2 such locos.

In the November issue I mentioned Baltimore & Ohio's only GP-18, the 6599. I saw this loco in Cincinnati the other day and it carries class GP-9. Unless it has been derated, B&O is in error here. The roster carries the unit as a GP-18 modified, 1750 hp, while a stock GP-18 is rated at 1800 hp.

According to Ed Mackinson, 6811 Sunset Ave., Sebastopol, Calif., I should have mentioned Southern Pacific in connection with F-M power. He says all 16 of the original H-24-66 Trainmasters are still hauling San Francisco commuters and that 45 H-12-44 switchers work San Francisco yards. Richard Sievers, 120 E. Cypress, Glendale, Calif., adds that 3020 and 3021 were demonstrators TM-3 and TM-4.

Send your diesel news and comments to my home at 792 Farnham Court, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. ●

Photograph by H. Buckley, Jr.

No. 728 is an Alco FA-1, seen at Port Jervis, N.Y. in '55.

Photograph by Jim Edmonston

A B&O FA-2. Note different radiator shutter position.

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by Albert Herskovits

THE HIAWATHA STORY, by Jim Scribbins, hard cover, 267 pages, 11¼x9", illustrated, motive power and passenger equipment rosters, index, Kalmbach Publishing Co., 1027 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53233, $17 (not sold by our book service).

In 1934, buses and automobiles were cutting into rail passenger traffic between Chicago and Milwaukee. Almost simultaneously, the Chicago & North Western, Burlington, and Milwaukee Road decided to chop their schedules from 10 hours to about 6½. Fierce publicity jockeying ensued as each road tried to outdo the other to run the fastest trains. The Milwaukee Road's entry, the *Hiawatha,* inaugurated May 29, 1935, was powered by a streamlined, light-gray, orange, and maroon Class A Atlantic.

Jim Scribbins does a good job in relating the story of the different *Hiawathas,* including many motive-power action shots to supplement the text. Also, there are dozens of photos showing those remarkable skytop lounges, as well as super-domes, parlor and dining cars. Many interior shots are Milwaukee Road publicity photos, so the "passengers" look ecstatically happy. Never mind; they show you what the *Hiawatha* was like inside. Printed on super-coated paper, a fine printing job has been done. Photo reproduction is excellent, but for a $17 book we would like to have seen one or two color plates to do justice to the brilliantly painted trains. We recommend this book to all passenger train lovers.

KANSAS QUARTERLY: AMERICAN RAILROADS, Vol. 2, No. 3, soft cover, 128 pages, 6¾x9¾", maps, University Press of Kansas, 366 Watson Library, Lawrence, Kan. 66044, $1.50 (not sold by our book service).

This is a nice collection of 15 articles put together by the *Kansas Quarterly* in a special edition on railroads. The emphasis is on history, with such roads as the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, MoPac, and Burlington well represented. Format is similar to that of the R&LHS *Bulletins.*

TRANSPORTATION: A TOUR OF MUSEUMS, by Jack Simmons, hard cover, 300 pages, 5¾x8½", illustrated, index, A. S. Barnes & Co., $8.

All types of transportation museums in Britain and Western Europe are covered. Much of the book deals with railroad exhibits, but considerable space also is set aside for autos, buses, ships, carriages, bicycles, and airplanes. No North American museums are included. ●

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The books are available only by mail. *Railroad Magazine Book Service,* 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., 10017. Here are a few suggestions:

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THE RAILROAD SCENE, Wm. Middleton	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, Beaver	$10.00	($ 9.50)
TRAIN WRECK! Wesley J. Griswold	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
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SHORTLINES OF ARKANSAS, Hull	$ 9.95	($ 9.45)
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Sept. 12, 1970: Intermountain Chapter, NRHS, car No. 96 (an ex-CB&Q business car) brings up the end of the recent Denver-Julesburg, Colo., fantrip behind Union Pacific No. 8444. Train is near Red Lion siding.
Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood Rd., North Platte, Neb. 69101

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

STRASBURG RAIL ROAD, perhaps America's most popular tourist line, recently installed a 37-ton turntable. This was no simple operation; one slip and the entire job could have become a nightmare. Thanks to precise planning and extra special care, however, there was no mishap. Two Strasburg diesels, Plymouth-built No. 1 and GE No. 33, helped move it into position. Formerly, the turntable was in the Reading's Cressona yard near Reading, Pa., then in the Reading's Bridgeport yard.

We hear of another railroad marriage, this one on the steam-operated Gold Coast RR. The happy couple, Mary Ann Bonotto and Alex Zeman, wore railroad clothing during the ceremony on the rear platform of the line's private car, *Ferdinand Magellan*. Camera crews from WTVJ in Miami and ABC-TV in New York recorded the scene. Following the wedding, Alex fired on the Gold Coast's first passenger train that day; his wife rode in the cab.

Alaska-Yukon Chapter of NRHS, P.O. Box 2248, Anchorage, Alaska 99501, is selling 1971 railroad calendars with WP&Y photos, at $2 each, $2.50 by airmail. It also sells a *Railfan's Guide*, listing all active, displayed, and some abandoned steam locos in the Alaska-Yukon area. This nicely printed, 12-page, illustrated booklet, costs $1. Sales from these items will help build the chapter's railroad museum.

Newest acquisition of the Tennessee Valley Railroad Museum, P.O. Box 44, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37401, is a 1945 GE 44-tonner, No. 1952. The Southern Railway, which has been so generous to railfan groups, donated it.

Cabooses have become increasingly popular among non-railroaders in the last two years, according to *The Wall Street Journal*. Many people who don't want to spend tens of thousands of dollars on a sumptuous private car in the Lucius Beebe tradition are acquiring discarded cabooses, instead, which often cost no more than $600. Most owners like their crummies rustic; but a few, such as Richard Catron, a Denver auto dealer, have more luxurious hacks. Mr. Catron's boasts walnut paneling, leather upholstery, avocado-colored carpeting, a bar, two color TV sets, and a stereo sound system!

There are two main drawbacks to owning a caboose, however. Under ICC rules, they cannot be operated on railroads like private cars, and moving expenses can be high. One woman, after buying a caboose from the B&O for $600, found that it cost another $500 to have it hauled by truck the extra 5 miles to her home. Still, many are buying them up; so much so, that symphony orchestras in Cincinnati, Cleveland, and St. Louis have gotten up to $5,000 a piece for cabooses. They had obtained these waycars for the purpose of selling them at auction in fund-raising drives.

An 8x11" 1971 color calendar with views of Western roads is available for $4 from Sundance Limited, P.O. Box 6385, Denver, Colo. 80206. Some of the roads pictured are Union Pacific, Colorado & Southern, Santa Fe, and Rio Grande. Sundance also prints a box of Christmas cards showing 8 different scenes of Rio Grande steam locos in the mountains of Colorado. A box of 24 cards costs $3.

November 1970 issue marks the 30th anniversary for *Trains* magazine. As we go to press, we haven't seen this special issue yet, but it promises to be an exciting one. From all of us on the *Railroad* staff: happy birthday!

Jim Edmonston, who writes our popular *Trackside in the Diesel Age* column, is also editor of *Headlight & Markers*, monthly of the Cincinnati Railroad Club, Room M-5-C Cincinnati Union Terminal. This lively 8-page publication covers the club's activities with several "true tales" and motive power notes from the area. Latest issue has an informative roster covering the status of recent and scheduled passenger discontinuances.

Empire State Railway Museum, P.O. Box 459, Wall St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10005, is offering poster reproductions of the Ulster & Delaware (1906), Lehigh Valley (1880), and Pennsylvania (1928). They cost $1 per subject, 75¢ for each additional poster.

Railfan David Tillotson of Bradford, England, claims that after years of effort he has "personally seen and recorded" the number of every loco currently registered in Britain.

The Sandhouse is a printed 4-page monthly of the Mississippi Great Southern chapter, NRHS; Roy Hartfield, editor. The latest issue has the first of several articles covering the history and operations of the Reader RR., the "Southern Silverton." For subscriptions and info., write to Mississippi Great Southern, dept. *Sandhouse*, 306 Bay St., Hattiesburg, Miss. 39401.

Reading fans should know that a recording has been made of the Reading's No. 2102. Produced by D&B Recording Studios, 331 Pasadena Blvd., Toledo, Ohio 43612, you can order it for $4.

The Switch List

We list entries free but without a guarantee. Not over 25 words, including name and address. Use abbreviations: *tts.* (timetables), *emp. tts.* (employes timetables), *SSE* (send 6¢ stamped envelope, if in U.S., for list or details). Your entry will be printed in our first available issue. Address Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

DICK ANDERSON, 334 S. Prindle, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004, sells foreign elec., steam negs; no list.

GENE BELLE, Brooks Rd., Lincoln, Mass. 01773, sells trolley slides Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, pix Boston trolleys; details (SSE).

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil St., Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, buys, trades for anything FEC or predecessors; sells prints from FEC 8x10 off. negs.

HENRY BRUECKMAN, Box 1545, Vallejo, Calif. 94590, will sell Trains from 11/57 with binders, European no. plates, whistles, hand lanterns, trolley bells; makes 8x10 enlargements (SSE).

EMERSON BUEL, Box 28, Burlington Flatts, N.Y. 13315, buys tts., locks, keys, spikes, pix of UI&E, UV, NYO&W, RW&O.

C.A. BUTCHER, 8 Coyne St., St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, sells steam pix, NKP; list 10¢.

DAVE CAMPBELL-BROWN, 7/34 Boyle St., Cremorne 2090, Australia, trades trolley slides; corresponds with trolley fans.

CURT CARLOUGH, 229 Rea Ave. Ext., Hawthorne, N.J. 07506, buys NYS&W, DL&W, Erie, EL tts., emp. tts., tkts., passes, etc.

CLARENCE CARLSON, 322 Madison S., Hopkins, Minn. 55343, will trade "RRs in the Black Hills" for "RUT RR", good cond.

JERRY CARSON, Box 13801, St. Louis, Mo. 63147, sells duplicate slides MP diesels; list, sample 35¢.

HAL CARTER, 254 Winter St., Hanover, Mass. 02339, sells Flying Scotsman souvenirs carried on the train. (SSE)

JOHN CASEY, 135 Lodge Ave., Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746, buys rr. employee training manuals, historical books.

JIM CERVENANSKY, 6425 W. Norwich Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53220, buys movies CNS&M, Wis. steam; buys Wis. depot pix.

JIM CHAMBERS, 126 Forest St., Reading, Mass. 01867, will sell Lyon's "To Hell in a Day Coach" and Fagan's "Confessions of a RR Signalman," good cond.

RON CHANDLER, 214 E. Orange St., Shippensburg, Pa. 17257, sells orig. 35mm color slides PC, CN, CV, GTW NS, D&S, WM; list 10¢ and (SSE).

DALE CHRISTENSEN, 72 Pine Ave., Riverside, Ill. 60546, sells ATSF emp. tts. '58-'63. (SSE)

CECIL CHURCH, 216 Rideau Terr., Ottawa, Ont., Canada, buys, trades orig. Alco, Baldwin, Lima bldrs. pix, specs., catalogs.

Mrs. JUNE CLARK, 8 Herbert Dr., East Brunswick, N.J. 08816, buys pix Great Western 60.

JOHN CLINE, 1217 Stark St., Wausau, Wisc. 54401 trades loco speed tape and '11 train order for 16¢ and dated crosstie nail.

RALPH COLEMAN, 4924 Morro Blvd., Portsmouth, Va. 23703, buys '40-'53 issues of N&W mag; sells Trains bound vols. 7, 13, 15.

D.L. COOK, 2237 Marshall, Waukegan, Ill. 60085, buys GN sky blue diesel, caboose pix esp. 425B.

DAVE COOPER, 213 N. Lake St., Paris, Tenn. 38242, will buy '41 NKP tt., tapes, recordings of L&N Pan broadcast on WSM radio.

LOU COTNOIR, 19 Buttercup Lane, Medway, Mass. 02053, will sell one bound volume of 250 unissued Boston, Clinton, Fitchburg & New Bedford preferred stocks. (SSE)

WARREN CREELY, 1018 Sycamore St., Hadden Heights, N.J. 08035, sells Christmas cards of Blue Comet designed for Jersey Central; 24 cards, $2.25.

R.G. DANIELS, 2323 Belvedere Dr., Scotch Plains, N.J. 07076, buys CNJ emp. tts., tts., slides, pix.

JIM DAVIES, 78 Warren Pl., Ridgewood, N.J. 07450, will sell 90 slot tt. rack; Erie, EL, DL&W railroadiana. (SSE)

FRANK DE SAUTELLE, 125 7 Ave., Baraboo, Wisc. 53913, will sell Allan's "Specials in Steam" '68.

FRANK DEGIACOMO, 81 Van Cortlandt Park Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 10701, buys negs., slides Third Ave. RR trolleys.

R.H. DELLINGER, Box 4095, Birmingham, Ala. 35206, sells rulebooks, playing cards, jewelry; buys playing cards, buttons, etc.

VINCENT DESANTIS, 196 Carbon St., Paterson, N.J. 07522 buys Erie, EL, DL&W slides of FA's, PA's, F units, stations in Pa.

RAY DESCHENES, 903 Mohawk Rd., E., Hamilton, Ont., Canada, sells 3½x5 to 11x14 steam pix CN, CP; list 30¢; buys, sells CN, CP, TH&B steam negs.

JOE DOHERTY, 26 Anderson Rd., Bernardsville, N.J. 07924, buys rr. stock and bond certificates.

TERRY DURIN, 3660 Pringle St., San Diego, Calif. 92110, will trade San Diego Elec. Ry. switch keys for 17" bell swing hanger.

E.G. ELLIS, 96 Long St., East Greenwich, R.I. 02818, buys NYNH&H steam pix, dwgs., info., etc.

JACK FERRY, 10041 S. Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60628, buys coach head rest covers, rr. playing cards.

MIKE FITZGERALD, 8702 Oberleinach, Germany, sells '70 system tt. with English info. section and separate map.

W.H. FRAVEL, 70 Crestline Rd., Wayne, Pa. 19087 will sell steam loco bell with yoke.

BOB GARASHA, 4102 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. 60630, will buy Ivey's "The Pere Marquette RR."

ADALENE GEISER, 6347 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144, sells BLW photo data cards of domestic and foreign locos, other railroadiana.

JIM GEROFSKY, 18 Rose St., East Rutherford, N.J. 07073, will send EL train order for BJ tower. (SSE)

P.W. GLANDER, 1527 E. Franklin Ave., Glencoe, Minn. 55336, buys lanterns, railroadiana.

DEAN GOGLIN, 59C Lin Dr., Eglin AFB, Fla. 32542, buys or trades slides of Fla. rrs. for NYC slides esp. PA's.

LIL GOODMAN, Box 17165, Chicago, Ill. 60617, sells marked rr. silverware, headrests; list, large SSE.

BILL GORDON, 811 Garson Ave., Rochester N.Y. 14609, sells his book "International Rys."

GARY GRAHL, 1452 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells 3½x5 pix, slides elec. commuter, trolley lines; specify list wanted. (SSE)

BOB GREENAWALT, 3643 N. Rosemead Blvd., Rosemead, Calif. 91770, will trade or sell Wells Fargo bronze belt buckles showing UP tr. and C&C tr.

AL GUNDERSON, 427 Chicago Ave., Savanna, Ill. 61074, buys, trades for rr. bonds, stocks. (SSE)

A. HAMILTON, 9435 Tacoma Ave. S., Tacoma, Wash. 98444, will buy Off. Ry. Equip. Register of 1950.

FRANK HANNA, Box 277, Findlay, Ohio 45840, sells rr.. lanterns. (SSE)

DON HAYWARD, 38 Monastery Ave., West Springfield, Mass. 01089, sells rr. pix. (SSE)

ERNIE HEATH, 526 Amerlia St., Cornwall, Ont., Canada, buys pre '50 issues CN magazine.

FREEMAN HUBBARD, c/o Railroad Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017, will sell one copy ea. of these books, all postpaid: "Rights of Trains" (operating rules, etc.), by Josserand, 459 pages, 4¾ x 7¼ illust. (1957), $6; "The Railroad Passenger Car," by Mencken, 209 pages, 7½ x 9, indexed. illust. (1957), $8; "Georgia Railroad and West Point Route, by Prince, 114 big pages, illust. (1962), $9.

C.R. HUFFMAN, 324 Parr, Mingo Jct., Ohio buys pix W&LE 0-4-0 No. 1.

BOB JOHNSON, 345 Elm Park Ave., Elmhurst Ill., 60126, buys GTW steam hardware, pre '50 steam negs.

JOHN KEAVY Jr., Box 214, Fall River, Mass. 02724, sells rubber stamps showing steam, diesel, elec., trolley designs with or without your name and address. (SEE)

DAVE KELLER, 5473 Express Dr. N., Holtsville, N.Y. 11742, buys any size LIRR negs.

R.J. KING, 3466 February Dr., Cincinnati, Ohio 45239, sells back issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, Off. Gudies. (SSE)

JIM KINGMAN, 2806 Paloma St., Pasadena, Calif. 91107, sells steam, traction bks. (SSE)

CASE KOWAL, 6615 S. Bell Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60636, sells scratch pads with rr. heralds; sample for 6¢ stamp.

Doug Cummings, 529 W. 63rd Ave., Vancouver 14, B.C., Canada

Railway Appliance Research Co. special train crosses Nelson Creek trestle on the Pacific Great Eastern, Aug. 11, 1962.

JOHN KUNIS, 707 Virginia Ave., Cumberland, Md. 21502, trades brakemen's kerosene lanterns from B&O, WT, RDG, etc.

ROGER LINDSTROM, Box 1562, Lufkin, Texas 75901, buys info. on abandoned East Texas shortlines esp. MC&SA.

ED McGRATH, Box 376, Mahanoy City, Pa. 17948, buys, trades switch keys; will buy 4-5/57 Trains, Baldwin magazines.

NORM METCALF, Box 1368, Boulder, Colo. 80302, buys, sells, trades back issues Railroad Magazine. (SSE)

AL MILLER, 3212 34 Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, buys C&NW railroadiana 1848-1970.

RALPH MILLER, 742 W. St. Paul, Waukesha, Wisc. 53186, buys, sells postcards of trains, trolleys, stations.

BOB MILLS 1601 Bellevue Ave., Richmond Heights, Mo. 63117, sells rr. watch fobs. (SSE)

E.T. MITCHELL, 107 W. Circular Ave., Paoli, Pa. 19301, sells sets of 5 diff. color postcards of Metroliner.

TODD MULLER, 209 Cedarwood Lane, Newington, Conn. 06111, buys switch locks, keys. from RUT, CV, B&M, PRR, NYC, Erie, N&W.

J.E. MURPHY, 733 Beaverbrook Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21212, buys billboard reefer pix, negs., plans, info.

H.J. NAUDASHER, 641 Pennbrook Ave., Lansdale, Pa. 19446, sells Dietz Vesta lantern globes, burners.

DAVE NESTLE, RD 2 Ray Rd., Greenwich, N.Y. 12834, sells railroadiana; list 25¢, refundable.

H. NOBLE, Box 127, Greystone Park, N.J. 07950, buys 11-12/18, '29-'59 issues Railroad Magazine; list free.

STEVE ONDIC, 11928 127 St., Edmonton 41, Alta., Canada, buys, trades for rulebooks, etc. showing signal indications on PC, LI, N&W.

C.G. PARSONS, Rte. A2 Box 124D, Dunnellon, Fla. 32630, sells 35mm Kodachrome dupl. slides steam, diesel, trolleys; sample 30¢.

LARRY PATTON, 804 Dickerson Lane, Blacksburg Va. 24060, sells postcard size pix; list, samples $1.

BILL POWERS, 2034 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio 43201, will trade NYC, NKP emp. tts. or will buy Botkin's "Treasury of RR Folklore."

JIM PROKES, 7850 S. Kenneth, Chicago, Ill. 60652, will buy Poor's "DS&P" with supplement, "The Switzerland of America."

SCOTT PYLES, Box 213, New Martinsville, W.Va. 26155, buys rr. lanterns, dining car items.

JOE QUINN, Box 1044, Tillson, N.Y. 12486, buys negs. locos, equip, esp. steam, older diesels, trolleys.

WAYNE REEDY, 1228 Congress St., Middletown, Ind. 47356, sells rulebooks, ashtrays, hat badges, railroadiana; each list 10¢ and SSE.

TONY REZNAK Jr., Box 755, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18703, sells color postcards of Q&E No. 4.

R.C. ROGERS, Box 19, Miami, Fla. 33145, buys tts., pix, tickets of Fla. rrs., steamboats.

JOE SAITTA, 2160 Washington St., Merrick, N.Y. 11566, buys, sells, trades orig. 35mm color slides of elec. traction; list, 5 samples $1.

RON SALISBURY, 7439 N. Judson St., San Diego, Calif. 92111, will buy '70 UP calendar.

WAYNE SCHENK, Box 195, West Seneca, N.Y. 14224, sells tts., emp. tts., railroadiana; list 10¢.

NED SCHWARTZ, 84-55 Daniels St., Jamaica, N.Y. 11435, buys PC pix, slides esp. of trains in cities.

JIM SEACREST, 2101 Birchwood, North Platte, Neb, 69101, buys DW&P negs., slides steam, diesels, RDC's, equip.; also tts., emp. tts., info.

TOM SEAMAN, Box 243, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. 17022, buys color slides PRR, PC GG-1's, E-44's, E-33's.

AL SHARP, 100 Shennecossett Pkwy., Groton, Conn. 06340, sells tts., emp. tts., rulebooks, Off. Guides, R&LHS Bulls., maps, tourist guides, trolley booklets; lists 50¢ each.

STEVE SINADINOS, 2510 S. Park, North Riverside, Ill. 60546, will sell Santa Fe's "Milepost 100."

JOE SNOPEK, 37 Kellogg St., Granby, Mass. 01033 buys negs., slides NYNH&H; trades, sells orig. slides PC NH region.

E. SPODOBALSKI, 610 Louann St:, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15223, buys PRR emp. tts.

W.E. STAUB, 30 E. 3 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218, buys switch lamps, markers, builders no. plates, whistles, PRR and NYC railroadiana.

E. STRALKO, 1156 Grandview Rd., Oil City, Pa. 16301, buys pix, info. on M.K. Jessup, Galusha Grow, C.V. Culver, Danforth Loco Works ca. 1865.

DAVE STRICKLIN, Rte. 2 Box 725, Watervliet, Mich. 49098 buys slides of PC New Carlisle Ind. wreck.

J.W. SWANBERG, R 3, Newtown, Conn. 06470, buys, trades for Pullman conductors hat with badge.

J. TOTH, 114 S. 5 St., Midlothian, Texas 76065, trades 5 Ralph series books for Beebe's "Rio Grande."

G. TUTTLE, Box 558, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577, will buy large loco bell, amusement pk. train, carousel pix, cards.

L.A. WHYTE, 1324 Regency Ct., Sudbury, Ont., Canada, sells Canadian steam, diesel pix, negs., b&w, color; list, samples 25¢.

CHUCK WLODARCZYK, 5246 N. McVicker Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60630, sells 3½x5 to 16x20 pix Chicago trolleys, CNS&M, steam; list, sample 25¢.

BRIAN WOODCOCK, 203 Molly Lane, Chaddsford, Pa. 19317, sells 8x10 steam, diesel, elec., trolley pix. (SSE)

BOB YANOSEY, 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, N.J. 07032, sells diesel negs. on approval incl. FT's, PA's, Baldwins, FM's.

DICK YAREMKO, 10516 81 Ave., Edmonton 60, Alta., Canada, trades, buys slides GN, NP, SP&S equip.

EVERETT YOUNG, Box 2468, Pikeville, Ky. 41501, buys, sells b&w, color pix C&O, B&O, CRR, FEC, N&W diesels. (SSE)

ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned 120-620, 116-616, and 122 cameras, desired by many railfans for large, oblong negs.; details, list free.

FRED ARONE, 377 Ashford, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522, sells wide selection of old and new railroadiana, mails catalogs periodically; also buys collections.

STEVE BRAYTON, 33 Highgate St., Allston, Mass. 02134, sells 35mm slides U.S., Canadian, European, Mexican rr.'s; specializes in New England; list, 20¢.

RAYMOND BROWN, RD 1, Ridge Dr., Middletown, N.Y. 10940, buys old post card views of Erie, NYO&W, NYS&W, M&U stations; also buys L&HR steam loco diagrams.

BILL BUCHANAN, Box 498 Ardsley, N.Y. 10502, buys entire rr. collections or smaller accumulations of pre-1940 tts., guides, keys, books, hardware, and misc.

GERRY BURRIDGE, Box 152, Pte. Claire, Dorval 700, Que., Canada, has new steam, diesel, elec., psgr. print-slide lists, 10¢ each; wants pre-'20 cdctr. passes.

ARTHUR FRAKES, 3921 4th St., Port Arthur, Texas, 77640, will sell railroad menus, buttons, tts.

LLOYD GRAHAM, Box 311, Coquille, Ore. 97423, wants info., pix on Graham County 4-truck Shays.

R. HANN, 44 Winton St., Christchurch, New Zealand, sells tie-date nails, 5/26 as found; 15¢ each, $1.50 per dozen incl. postage.

BOB MARGOLIN, Box 36, Belle Mead, N.J. 08502, buys, sells or trades 2¼x3¼, 616 negs. of locos and stations, all U.S. roads.

DOUGLAS MELIN, 19682 Coffinberry Blvd., Fairview Park, Ohio 44126, will trade Pittsburgh Elec. Rys. fare token 1922 for any two pre-'44 ACL, NKP, Milw. tts.

BILL O'CONNOR, 62 Fulton St., Hornell, N.Y. 14843, will buy or trade PS&N pix.

HOWARD PINCUS, 5 Eldredge Pl., Rye, N.Y. 10580, will buy switch, marker, and hand lanterns, any rr., any manufacturer; also, globes, lenses, etc.

JOHN SCESNY, 780 Long Island Ave., Medford, N.Y. 11763, buys slides EL, DL&W, or Erie name trains, esp. Phoebe Snow.

THOMAS TANCULA, 7749 Windsor Ave., Norridge, Ill. 60656, sells Milw. Road Bessenville Yard pix; list, 10¢ and large SSE. ●

Pen Pals Wanted

Theodosia Smith (23), 1759 W. 37th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90018.

Mrs. Donald Peissig, (19), Rte. 2, Box 169. Owen, Wis.

Ellis Acker, Jr., 615 W. 40th St., Anniston, Ala. 36201, wants to hear from male and female railfans.

Lynda Grossnickblaus (20), secretary to a C&NW depot agent, Town House Inn, Apt. 54, O'Neill, Neb. 68763.

Dave Stricklin (14), Rte. 2B, 735, Watervliet, Mich. 49098, wants to hear from fans in or near Huntington, W. Va.; Popular Bluff, Mo., and Pullman Jct., Illinois.

Rick Wright (26), P.O. Box 222, Beaver Cove, B.C., Canada. He works on B.C.'s last privately-owned logging railroad.

Frank Neron (27), 6225 9th Ave., Rosemont, Montreal 408, P.Q., Canada, swaps postcards; tts.

Gary Good (47), retired condr., Box 4091, Roanoke, Va. 24015, wants to correspond with a railroad man's widow.

Carma Letta Garcia, (16), 416 14th St., Evanston, Wyo. 82930.

Tom Harper, USN, 796-47-25, NFO Yokosoka, FPO Seattle 98762, now in Japan, wants railfanette pen pals.

Paul Willis, Woodcrest, Rifton, N.Y., wants to hear from anyone interested in trolley museums and models.

Robert Medcalf (18), 15276 Columbia Ave., White Rock, B.C., Canada, lost his fahter, needs rr. foster home.

Charlie Vilavar (17); Frank Barquilla (15); Felbert and Marie Villa, (15); Cina Amodio (20), and Cristy Minosa (20), all of 289 E. Sikatuna St., Cebu City, Philippines.

Brenda Taylor (17), Rte. 1, Box 340, Rock, W. Va.

Mrs. Ida Mae Parker, 7341 Rome Ave., Birmingham, Ala. 35206.

Bill DeWitt (35), 80 N. Main St., Doylestown, Pa.

Dennis J. Goplin (22), 1212 Illinois Ave., Ottawa, Ill. 61350.

Anthony Arcilla (24), 121 Y T. Padilla St., Cebu City, Phillippines.

Fely Villar (28), 169 A. Sikatuna St., Cebu City, Philippines.

Eileen Roof (15), RR 3, Unionville, Mo. 63565.

Ethel Reis (17), 108 Fern St., Jim Thorpe, Pa. 18229.

Mary Scott (16), 1633 Berkeley Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95819.

Jackie Peissig (18), Rte. 1, Box 154, Dorchester, Wis. 54425.

Harold G. Moss, 233825536, 410 Trans. Sq. Box 382, K. I. Sawyer, AFB, Mich. 49842. ●

Coming Events

Nov. 20-22, 27-29: First annual show of Model Engineers RR. Club, 569 High Mountain Rd., North Haledon, N.J.; see 40x35 O-gage layout with Pennsy K-4s, etc.; hours, Fri. 7-10, Sat. 2-6, 7-10, Sun. 2-5; 50¢ donation; also open Dec. 4-6.

Nov. 21: Gold Coast RR's seventh annual exposition of Steam; incl. working models, full-size engines, pile-drivers, traction engines; held at S.W. 9th Ave. and S.W. 34th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Dec 3-6: Michigan Railroad Club trip, Windsor to Moosonee, Ont., Canada, aboard two Pullmans; incl. 3 breakfasts, 2 lunches in diner; roomettes, bedrooms, $120; $20 deposit required. Write trip chairman, Michigan RR. Club, 15517 Braile, Detroit, Mich. 48223. ●

For 73 years RAILWAY MAGAZINE has been closely connected with the making of railroad history.

Published monthly it has a full colour cover and a Panorama section containing up to twelve pages of nostalgic and news pictures with comprehensive descriptions. Each issue carries an article on Locomotive practice and performance; these are authoritative accounts of steam, diesel and electric locomotive performances with illustrations and tabulated data. The contents are carefully balanced with articles on modern and historical railroad subjects —mainly British but including overseas items.

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Want to work in sunny California? Minnesota—where the fishing is? In New York City? Or in the town where you grew up or are now living?

Just tell your UTI Placement Department. We'll help put you in contact with prospective employers in or near the area you choose... match your preferences with the requests for graduates we constantly get from America's biggest corporations... do everything possible to "mate" you with the dream job you've always wanted! And this placement assistance is yours *for the rest of your life*... no matter how long after graduation you call on us!

Send for UTI's free booklet

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And now, with UTI, there's a complete, *personalized* program to help prepare you for a lifetime career in drafting... to help you share in the high salary, prestige and security of being a draftsman in this Golden Age of Technology.

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The Department of Labor reports that employment of draftsmen is expected to rise rapidly due to the increasing demands of modern production technology. It is reliably estimated that for every engineer from two to ten draftsmen are needed! This explains why the draftsman is one of the most sought-after specialists in our country. With your UTI Certificate of Proficiency, you'll be a man who's in demand!

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RUGER Number One Light Sporter

Calibers: 243 Win., 30/06, 270 Win.
Barrel: 22 inches.
Sights: Open.
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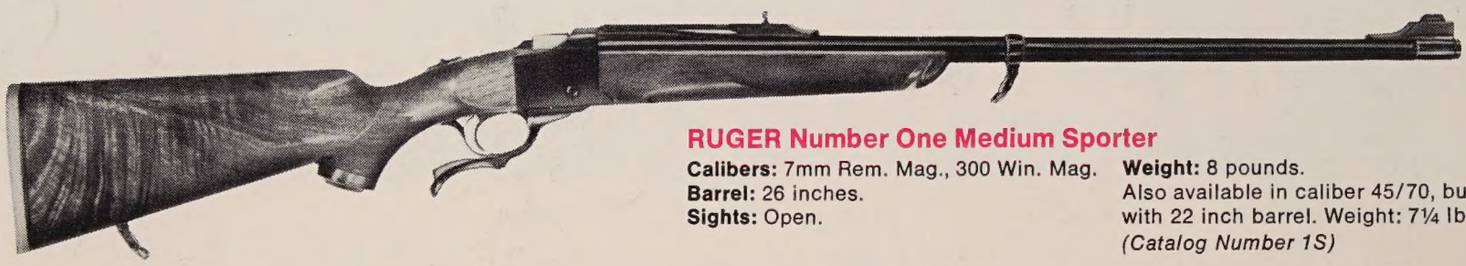

RUGER Number One Medium Sporter

Calibers: 7mm Rem. Mag., 300 Win. Mag.
Barrel: 26 inches.
Sights: Open.
Weight: 8 pounds.
Also available in caliber 45/70, but with 22 inch barrel. Weight: 7¼ lbs.
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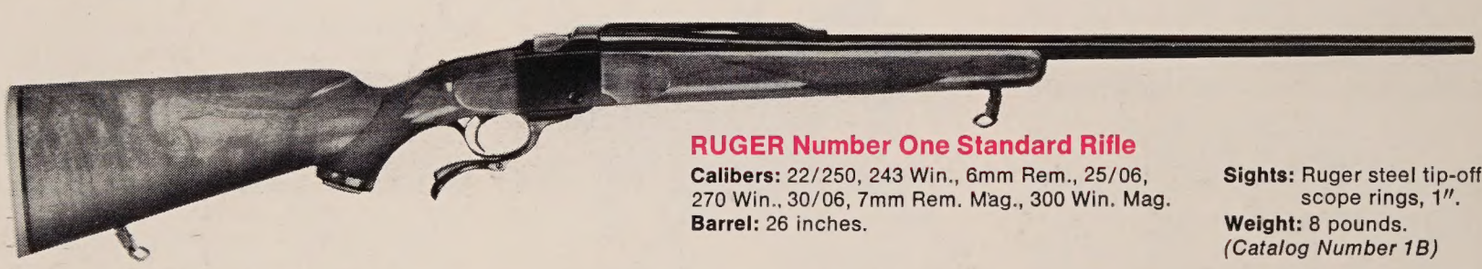

RUGER Number One Standard Rifle

Calibers: 22/250, 243 Win., 6mm Rem., 25/06, 270 Win., 30/06, 7mm Rem. Mag., 300 Win. Mag.
Barrel: 26 inches.
Sights: Ruger steel tip-off scope rings, 1″.
Weight: 8 pounds.
(Catalog Number 1B)

RUGER Number One Special Varminter

Caliber: 22/250, 25/06
Barrel: 24 inches.
Sights: Standard target scope blocks for target scope rings with external adjustments.
Weight: 9 pounds.
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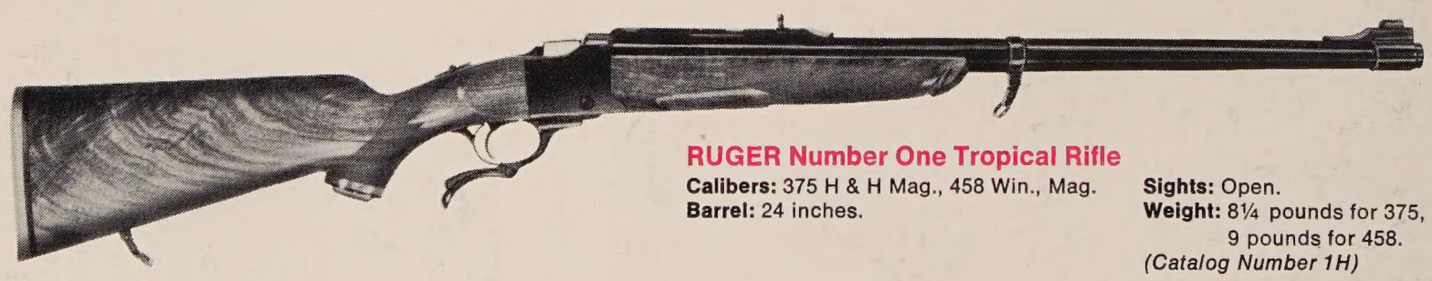

RUGER Number One Tropical Rifle

Calibers: 375 H & H Mag., 458 Win., Mag.
Barrel: 24 inches.
Sights: Open.
Weight: 8¼ pounds for 375, 9 pounds for 458.
(Catalog Number 1H)

General information on specifications:
Sights: Catalog Numbers 1A, 1S, and 1H have adjustable folding leaf rear sight mounted on quarter rib and ramp front sight base with caterpillar type gold bead sight. All quarter ribs are machined to accommodate Ruger steel tip-off rings. Scope rings are $15. additional for all models except 1B.

Woodwork: Carefully selected American Walnut. Pistol grip and forearm hand-checkered to a borderless design.
Price: Suggested retail price is $265 for any of the models listed above.
How to order: Place an order with your Ruger dealer by Catalog Number and caliber. (No variations from the above specifications are possible).

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